THE LIVING AGE

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for January, 1931

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The Living Age was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as Littell's Living Age, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of Littell's Living Age, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

COLIN ROSS is a German journalist of English antecedents who made up his mind when the War was over to visit and study every country in the world. To this task he has devoted the past ten years and he now draws up a balance sheet of all his experiences. He is convinced that the 'world crisis' has arrived, but the prospect does not alarm him. Quite the contrary. He shows that modern technique has at last made it possible for man to produce more than enough to maintain life in comfort and security. We could not ask for a more salutary article to usher in the New Year.

PIERRE COT'S generous proposal of how to save Germany is remarkable for two reasons. In the first place, he makes the point that the danger from Germany is not war but revolution, which does not speak well for the strength of the established order in the rest of Europe if it can be overthrown by a successful upheaval in the Reich. In the second place, M. Cot suggests that France should directly finance German industry and directly hire German labor to build up her own industrial plant. It is of course dollars to doughnuts against any such thing's happening, but the fact that a French politician just back from German soil should consider such an idea is an event in itself.

AS MOSCOW correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, Wilm Stein has studied at first hand the financial crisis that now afflicts Russia. The past four months have been given over—whether successfully or not it is still too early to say—to deflating an inflated currency. To judge from the anxious tone of Herr Stein's article, we need seek no further for the explanation of the recent judicial comedy, featuring Professor Ramsin.

THERE is no dearth of news about the Round-Table Conference on India, but since all of it emanates from London, where the followers of Gandhi refused to send any representative, we are turning to a native paper to set forth an aspect of the present situation that receives but slight attention in our daily press. We offer, first, a brief description of Bombay by the recently arrived H. N. Brailsford, a frequent contributor to the *New Republic* and to the left-wing press of Great Britain. More dramatic, however, is a speech from the prisoner's dock by Jawaharlal Nehru, son of Pandit Motilal Nehru, and the most active force in the Indian independence movement, Gandhi not excepted. Young Nehru does not, of course, command the moral prestige that Gandhi does, but he is of the new generation and counts for much more as a practical politician.

WE CONFESS to a certain sympathy with the disgust Bernard Shaw expressed some years ago on the subject of those anti-Fascist publicists who go up and down the land protesting against the outrages of Mussolini. But, when a visitor to Italy, prejudiced though he may be, makes use of similar evidence to prove not that Mussolini is a tyrant but that he is a failure, we are more impressed. J. J. Vigne, a French Socialist, argues that the martial spirit of Italy will breed either revolution or war.

TWO ITEMS in our 'Persons and Personages' department deserve special mention—the first and the last. We open with a German essay on Sinclair Lewis's winning of the Nobel Prize for literature. The author, Richard Hülsenbeck, has been represented in our columns twice

(*Continued on page 549*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

TEMPORARILY put in the shade by the melodrama from Germany and Russia, England now emerges, once more and as usual, the most exciting of all foreign nations. The Indian Conference alone, although not attended by the outstanding political group in India, offers a spectacle that cannot be duplicated anywhere. Great Britain may be 'done,' but what other modern state, 'done' or 'up and doing,' controls the destinies of a subcontinent as large, as populous, as variegated as Europe without Russia? In the light of these responsibilities, it is therefore a mistake to judge Sir Oswald Mosley's sensational suggestion of a coalition dictatorship as if it were modeled on similar experiments on European soil. The problems of Great Britain are so different from the problems of Italy, Spain, or Poland that different methods must be used, although centralization seems to be the universal order of the day. Thus the significance of Mosley is not that he represents a British Hitler or Mussolini but simply that he is a member of the old aristocracy asserting his prerogatives in the modern world.

As long as the two-party system functioned in England, Parliament worked quite smoothly and the friendships that used to exist between Liberal and Tory leaders indicated that after all the government of the country reposed in the hands of the upper class. But the growth of the Labor Party changed everything. An atmosphere of class hatred now prevails in the House of Commons, though it has by no means prevented

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certain shrewd aristocrats from throwing in their fortunes with the growing mass of working-class voters. For Sir Oswald Mosley enjoys a respect, partly snobbish and partly traditional, that such humble folk as 'Jimmy' Thomas and 'Uncle Arthur' Henderson simply cannot command. In consequence, his proposals not only threaten to split the Labor Party but have also called forth an instinctive response from his fellow aristocrats among the Conservatives. Consider, for example, this paragraph from the Conservative *Saturday Review:*—

> Sir Oswald's programme may for all we know be nine-tenths wrong in its details, but at least it is a definite proposal of action, whereas the Government's programme is mere inaction, procrastination, and obstruction; a helpless warning that things might perhaps be a little worse, and a hesitating whisper that possibly some day they may be a little better. Nobody believes these incompetent doctors any longer; the patient gets worse week by week, and their only prescription is to bid him be of good cheer, because there are other sick men under the sun. It is high time that these failures made way for men, of whatever party they may be, who can approach a fresh problem with live minds and utilize these resources to some better purpose than confiscating the one to corrupt the other.

HOW LONG the present British Government will survive has become a universal topic of speculation in the London press. There seems to be general agreement that the *R.101* catastrophe not only marked a turning point in the prestige of the Labor Party but that the disaster itself somehow symbolized the career of the MacDonald Cabinet, which entered office enormous with hope but inadequately prepared. Pathetically enough, the one sincere apology for Mr. MacDonald is to be found in the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum*—perhaps because that paper feels that his collapse will prove an even worse misfortune to the Liberal than to the Labor cause:—

> Let us say plainly that we do not think so badly of the present Government as some of their other critics. At any rate, they are a great improvement on their predecessors in office. In international policy, which transcends all other matters, they have done well. The conduct of foreign relations by the last Government gave cause for the gravest anxiety. We were entering into a competition in naval armaments with the United States; we had broken off relations with Soviet Russia, not by the deliberate choice of the foreign secretary, but through an irresponsible act of the home secretary; we were playing a contemptible part at Geneva, where our only concern seemed to be to restrain the beneficent work of the League by the pettiest parsimony. All this has been changed. The naval agreement with America is a real achievement and the relations between our two countries have sensibly improved. It is not easy to be on friendly terms with Russia, but the Labor Government has done what it could in that direction. Our attitude toward the League of Nations is now beyond reproach. Probably no Liberal would deny the importance of these matters, but many would retort that a good record in foreign policy does not excuse the Government for a great failure at home. Well, we are not

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prepared to defend everything that has been done in home affairs, still less to forgive the sins of omission, but the world slump has created a situation of extraordinary difficulty, and we do not for a moment believe that the late Conservative Government would have dealt more effectively with it.

The *New Statesman*, distinctly sympathetic to the present Government, scoffs at the idea of a coalition cabinet, saying, 'The next prime minister may be Mr. Baldwin with a Conservative majority behind him, or it may possibly be Mr. MacDonald with a Labor majority. It is a thousand pounds to a bone button against anybody else.' The Conservative *Week-end Review* is no less emphatic, but in a different direction:—

The rumors have suggested a coalition government presided over by Mr. Henderson and including Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Oswald Mosley, and some vaguely designated Conservatives. There is not at the present time anything like enough support among any of the parties for a national government on these or any other lines. It is conceivable, however, that there might be. One thing could do it: an economic crisis in the spring that would bring the politicians and the public sharply to their senses. A crisis in the new year might bring a national government into being, drawing the best from all parties and getting down at long last in real earnest to the task of reconstruction.

'T would ring the bells of England
The wildest peal for years.

Whether this happens, or whether the normal routine is followed; whether the Government goes out in a violent upheaval or merely dies of heart failure, it is pretty plain that once the prop of the Indian Conference has been removed, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will cease to be prime minister.

THE DRAFT disarmament convention has not been well received in Europe. Count Bernstorff, Germany's delegate at Geneva, has called it 'not worth the ink in which it was written,' and Lord Robert Cecil returned home to find himself savagely condemned by the London weeklies.

'British policy appears to us as wrong as it is ignominious,' says the *Spectator*. 'Lord Cecil's retrogression at Geneva has disheartened the friends of peace in every country, and has been the pretext for the telling of many home truths by the Italian, German, and Soviet delegates, supported, be it noted, by practically all the "neutral" powers.'

Turning to the draft convention, the *Spectator* continues:—

The present botched-up document will simply bring the Preparatory Commission—and the League too—into ridicule. There are ugly facts in the international situation which make it imperative for this country to check the reaction toward warlike preparations. Some attempt must be made *now* to meet the German case that what has been possible in the way of limitation for her is perfectly possible for other nations. And, of course, this is definitely provided for in the pre-

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> amble to Part V of the peace treaties. If . . . France, Poland, and the Little Entente will not join in a *genuine* disarmament convention, why should not their 'militarism' be exposed?

Throughout the sessions at Geneva, Germany, Italy, and Russia voted as a unit and gave every evidence of having concluded an informal entente. This is a happening of great significance, compared to which the details of the draft convention itself are unimportant. Only a few military experts care whether war material is to be limited directly or through budgetary expenditures. But the appearance of a new bloc of European states, bound together by a common hostility to France, threatens to set back the cause of disarmament and peace for many years. This danger to Europe is discussed with great seriousness by the London *Economist:*—

> The important—and lamentable—fact is that, when it comes to the point, France and her allies are unwilling to renounce their present superiority of military force over the other military powers of continental Europe. Instead of discussing whether they are legally or morally justified in taking this line, it will be more useful to consider what the consequences of this policy are likely to be. . . . The preservation of the precise dispositions of the peace treaties, which are so greatly to the advantage of this group of powers, is the object for which they desire to maintain this superiority in armaments. But the very effort to maintain this superiority in armaments compels the French group, conversely, to insist more than ever upon the sacrosanctity of the treaties. France dare not assent to the diminution of Poland's present political assets by one jot or tittle, for fear that Poland might abandon the French alliance, and vice versa, for the same reason, Poland dare not approve any revision of the peace treaties which might not be agreeable to France. Thus the refusal to disarm and the refusal to revise the treaties are bound up with one another, and each, under the influence of the other, is bound to grow ever more intransigent with the passage of time.
>
> Now, if this situation sets hard, there is only one possible outcome. The armed force by which it is maintained will evoke a counteraccumulation of armed force. . . . The French 'system,' if it is not relaxed at an early stage by persuasion and agreement and common sense, is doomed to be broken at a later stage by war. In which of these two ways is the French 'system of Europe' to come to an end? The answer to that question will make the whole difference to the future of Western civilization; and it looks as if the question were being settled—and settled in favor of future war—at Geneva now. Is it too late to prevent the question of the future from being given this fatal answer? May it not still be possible to save the peoples of Europe from being herded again into two mutually hostile camps from which, in the fullness of time, they will be led out to slaughter one another?

With much of what the *Economist* says, statesmen of all countries will agree, not least among them M. Briand. But the French feel, and it is very difficult not to sympathize with them, that it is one thing to make concessions for the cause of European peace, and that it is quite another to have those same concessions forced from you at the point of a gun.

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LORD D'ABERNON, the first post-war ambassador from England to Germany and more recently the head of a British trade mission to South America, has made a speech of the first importance on world-currency problems. Like Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir Henry Strakosch, and Professor Gustav Cassel, Lord D'Abernon is a 'gold bug'—that is to say, he believes that a faulty monetary system is to blame for the present depression. Here are some of the more striking paragraphs from his address:—

> The superficial complaint is of overproduction, but I am inclined to be skeptical about overproduction when applied to staple trades and the larger requirements of mankind. When on the one side you have a vast volume of production, and on the other side you have millions of men insufficiently supplied with the requirements of life, such as food and clothing, the obvious conclusion is that failure proceeds from inadequate facilities of circulation and exchange rather than from excessive ability to produce.
>
> Another peculiarity of the crisis is the complete failure of politicians in this or any other country to suggest an adequate remedy. With us, two large parties in the state have tried their hand at the reduction of unemployment, both entirely without success. What is the reason for this strange failure? In my judgment, false diagnosis of the real causes of the present distress. It has been treated solely as a trade crisis when it should be considered rather as a crisis of currency in the first place and a crisis of indebtedness in the second.

After asserting that the only popular remedies so far proposed merely aggravate present evils, Lord D'Abernon suggests what ought to be done:—

> How, then, can the situation be remedied? The gold standard of the world has become unstable. The deficiency in the supply of gold will become more marked in the course of a few years, and there is no likelihood either that the production of gold from the mines will increase or that the non-monetary demand for gold will fall off. Relief must, therefore, be derived from remedial measures in the management of gold, a greater economy in its use, and a more intelligent utilization of the reserves which exist. To-day the necessary gold can be found in certain bank reserves if intelligent international action is initiated. That is probably the most effective solution if applied in time.

For the debt policy of the United States he feels nothing but disapproval:—

> There is a false impression which exists in wide circles that any fool can be a creditor or a money-lender—that he has only to sit still and rake in annuities or goods. This is a totally false view. The most astute race in the world has been money-lending for the last three thousand years, but has not found it easy to reconcile this career with widespread popularity. A wise creditor realizes that payment can only be secured over a long period by facilitating payment. America has impeded payment by imposing heavy duties on the goods of her debtors and at the same time depressing the price of these goods by raising the price of gold. Thus,

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in a twofold way, she has contributed to render difficult fulfillment of debt obligations and has aggravated the danger of debt failure.

Lord D'Abernon then proposes that the British Government at once initiate negotiations with the principal gold-using and gold-holding countries in order to forestall catastrophe:—

> The United States and France between them own more than half the total gold reserve of the world. Since the time of Midas there has not been a more paradoxical position than that in which America finds herself, for the central reserve vaults are bulging with gold, while in New York and other shipping points warehouses are overcrowded with wheat, with cotton, with copper, all unsalable except below the cost of production, possibly because too much gold has been accumulated in the central vaults.

Here is his concluding paragraph:—

> The treatment applied to the matter up to the present has been ineffectual, and persistence on similar lines will yield no beneficial result. The remedies have been based on a false diagnosis and have consisted in the application of palliatives to symptoms without effective attack on the underlying causes. If you desire a return of good market conditions in cotton or wheat or any other commodity, if you wish for higher freights and more trade activity—you will achieve these with greater certainty and greater speed by dealing with the gold and currency problem than by any other means.

The diplomatic correspondent of the *Observer* remarks that 'it is an open secret that an extensive diplomatic movement has been in progress for some months' to bring about international action along the lines suggested by Lord D'Abernon.

WILL THE FAILURE of the Oustric group of banks in France, which has already caused the Tardieu cabinet's overthrow, turn out to be a parallel of the Hatry crash in England and of the stock-market crash in the United States? In other words, is France about to undergo the same period of unemployment that has occurred in both England and America after major financial disasters? Surface conditions are reassuring. To judge from a statement recently made by the man in charge of finding jobs for laborers in and about Paris, there is no dearth of opportunity for those willing to work—indeed the supply of employment exceeds the demand. Several factors have brought about this state of affairs. Only half as many children are working as in normal times and the older laborers are tending more and more to become technical experts. And, finally, the native proletariat of Paris seems to be particular about the kind of work it will undertake.

Yet the present tendency can hardly last indefinitely and the *Ère*

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Nouvelle, official organ of the Radicals, looks forward with trepidation to the time when some of the 400,000 foreign laborers now employed in France will have to be shipped to their homes. The *Statist*, of London, explains in some detail the financial aspects of the present position and indicates why there is reason to fear a slump:—

> The speculative excesses which have led to the recent difficulties in France can readily be understood. They are in large measure one of the results of that monetary policy which hitherto has saved France from the worst reaction of the world depression. We have repeatedly stressed in these columns the importance of the stabilization of the franc at the undervalued level of 124 francs to the pound as a factor in the French balance of international payments and consequently in France's power to draw gold from foreign countries. By stabilizing the exchange values of the franc at that rate, France has not been called upon to adjust her cost of living, her wages, and her costs of production to the slump that has taken place in wholesale commodity prices throughout the world. In fact, the cost-of-living figure in France has been steadily going up, while it has been falling in most other gold-standard nations.

But it is now evident that the period of stock-exchange speculation which accompanied this rise in the cost of living has come to an end and the *Statist* prophesies that the 'monetary manipulation' which has so far protected the country from the universal depression cannot remain effective much longer:—

> France should be careful not to trust to the permanence of those influences that have hitherto sheltered her so effectively from economic depression. She should beware lest her troubles begin at a time when other nations are definitely overcoming their own. If the financial difficulties of the past few weeks reveal unsound positions in France, it is to be hoped that those positions will be ruthlessly liquidated. No good will ever come of propping up dead wood. This is the aspect of the situation that should receive the earnest attention of the French authorities.
>
> One of the unfavorable aspects of these troubles is the fact that they have affected the exchange markets to a degree altogether incommensurate with their immediate importance. The French population, owing partly to national characteristics, partly to the slight development of the banking habit, appears to have taken fright at these manifestations of weakness and insecurity at home. They had falsely been lulled into the belief that the economic position in France was proof against any such difficulties as have recently become apparent. Their fright has been reflected in a substantial expansion of the note circulation, while the French banks have been compelled, by the prevailing atmosphere of uncertainty, to strengthen their immediately available assets in France.

Some allowance must of course be made for British jealousy of the mounting gold reserves in the Bank of France, but on the whole the warning seems reasonably just.

IN GERMANY as in the United States 'technological unemployment' is the chief cause of the present depression. Just as our own country

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steadily produces more goods with less labor, so in Germany modernized production has lowered operating expenses and, though export trade has increased, unemployment has too. During 1928 German foreign trade showed an unfavorable balance of nearly $300,000,000. In 1929 exports exceeded imports by over $12,000,000, and by October 1930 the favorable balance for the first ten months of the year had amounted to $307,000,000. Meanwhile unemployment increases, prices fall, and the Government is trying to mitigate the wage cuts now going into effect by urging the housewives of the nation to trade only with shops that have brought their prices down to current levels. This state of affairs offers something of a contrast to conditions in England, where the failure to rationalize has caused trade to decline and unemployment to increase. The German and American problem is to discover some way of assuring the whole population of work and wages; the English problem is first to secure adequate machinery and then to worry about how it should be used.

FASCIST FOREIGN POLICY stands at last on the threshold of decisive action. We present elsewhere in this issue a French Socialist's account of a recent visit to Italy, and his criticisms of Mussolini differ from the conventional ones in that he interprets the repressive acts of the present régime as indications of impending trouble and not as mere outrages. The Conservative press of Great Britain, which is distinctly well disposed toward Mussolini, adduces from the same evidence precisely opposite conclusions. Sir Charles Petrie, writing in the *Sunday Times*, finds that the Versailles Treaty has created dissatisfaction in both Germany and Italy but insists that Mussolini really desires a peaceful solution:—

> It is felt that a modification of the treaties could now be effected with the minimum of inconvenience, whereas the longer the matter is postponed the greater will be the risk of a catastrophe. This is certainly the opinion of the Duce himself, for he never loses an opportunity in private conversation of stressing the fact that he desires merely the modification, not the destruction, of the treaties, and that in taking this line he can claim to be acting as a good European as well as a patriotic Italian.

And Mussolini's attitude is shared by the country at large:—

> Italian opinion is essentially pacific. What is advocated in Rome is a three-power agreement between Great Britain, France, and Italy as to the modifications of the peace treaties which are deemed necessary, and then the opening of negotiations with Germany and the other states affected. A preliminary understanding between the three ex-Allies is regarded as indispensable, and in this connection it is hoped that the British Government will use its good offices to persuade the Quai d'Orsay to swallow the, to it, bitter pill of revision.

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> The alternative, in Italian eyes, is the growth of the forces of discontent in Central Europe until another explosion, analogous to that of 1914, occurs. The result of the German elections was at once a lesson and a warning. Such is the belief underlying the speeches with which Signor Mussolini has ushered in the ninth year of Fascism.

Other British correspondents have suggested that the interview between Grandi and Litvinov held in Milan in late November means, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, 'that something new is afoot in Europe with Italy in the forefront and the group comprising Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, and Hungary in close support.' But when it comes to Russian-Italian coöperation, the *Times* at any rate is distinctly skeptical:—

> There is little doubt that Italy is gradually and patiently pursuing a more and more determined policy in the Balkans and in the Near East in opposition to France and her ally, Yugoslavia. Her difficulties are not small. It will not be easy for her to reconcile friendship with the Soviet Government with her friendship with Hungary, or, again, to be trusted at once in Moscow and in Bucharest. For these reasons no sudden and decisive new orientation is likely to be seen in Italy's policy. It is understood that the demands for the Milan meeting came from Moscow and caused some surprise and even embarrassment here, where it is realized that too close relations with the Soviet would bring unpopularity upon Italy in more than one Western capital.

What Italy hopes to get out of a revision of the treaties is a foothold in Asia Minor. It seems to be generally agreed that, when Mustapha Kemal dies or retires, the country he reorganized will fall apart, and the Italians do not propose, this time, to be left out in the cold while the other powers of Europe divide the spoils.

BECAUSE the intellectuals are the only people in Spain who take their politics seriously, most of the significant comments that the native press has offered on the subject of General Berenguer's government take the form of metaphysical essays. We offer elsewhere in this issue a typical piece of writing of this kind by Ramón Pérez de Ayala, who has been catapulted by the great events that have lately unrolled in his country to a cloud-cuckoo-land of metaphors and abstractions. But the recent epidemic of active fighting has at last brought about something of a change. José Ortega y Gasset, an influential contributor to *El Sol*, has launched an attack on the monarchist régime. He asserts that Berenguer had no business to proclaim that the dictatorship was quite normal and blames the monarchy for treating the Spanish people like sheep. He concludes his assault by announcing that the nation is at last awake:—

> The state, instead of making itself the inexorable teacher of our demoralized race, has done nothing but take its ease in national corruption. But this time it

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has made a mistake, and that mistake is Berenguer. After ten months, public opinion is less disposed than ever to forget the great outrage of the dictatorship. The régime proceeds alone, segregated like a leper. No able man will go near it. Its ceremonies, portfolios, promises, have availed it nothing. On the contrary, the limit has been reached and the indignant reaction of Spain against the dictatorship is beginning only now, at this very moment.

If it is true that the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera was necessarily irresponsible, that is all the more reason why the government, when it ended, should have said loyally to the people, 'We have suffered an incalculable misfortune. The normal political life of Spain has been interrupted. The Spanish government does not exist. Spaniards, reconstruct your state.' Instead, they merely sought someone who could carry on the policy of 'All quiet in Spain,' and gave the job to a pardoned general. As a result, the plain people, who are not revolutionaries, should now say to one another, 'Spaniards, you have no government. Reconstruct your state.'

Delenda est monarchia.

Nearly all of Señor Ortega y Gasset's articles end with the same variation on Cato's dying words.

WHATEVER may be the final result of the Indian Round-Table Conference, it has at least established the reputation of the Indian delegates for adroit political oratory. One of the speeches of Mohammed Ali, a Moslem delegate, displayed amazing virtuosity. 'If you had listened to Burke you would not have lost America and you would not be talking of naval parity to-day. You would not have all those war debts to pay,' Mohammed Ali began.

With this as a prelude, Mohammed Ali went systematically to work to shock and embarrass the English delegates: 'I hope my old friend, Ramsay MacDonald, will . . . not dare to lie to his own conscience, to his own dead wife, to his living country, to his own party, and that all you British delegates of all parties will help him to make history.' There was no one at the conference table who did not know that Ramsay MacDonald adores the memory of his wife, and that she, throughout her life, was a passionate advocate of freedom for India.

Next came the turn of the former viceroy, Lord Reading. 'I have in me the same blood that runs in the veins of Lord Reading,' Mohammed Ali announced. 'Lord Reading once sent me to jail. I am a Semite. He is not converted from Zionism. Neither can I be converted from Islam.'

Mohammed Ali's greatest audacity, from the English point of view, came when he invoked the name of the King: 'I trust the man whose name is George, whom you call His Majesty. . . . George III lost America. Let history record that George V won India.'

The preceding speaker, Dr. B. S. Moonje, had told the Conference: 'Our people say: Do your worst. We are ready to be shot down.' Catch-

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ing up this reference, Mohammed Ali cried: 'But you can't shoot us all down. You have n't the morale to kill 320,000,000 people.'

It has been a long while since such blazing talk has been heard at Westminster. Perhaps nowhere else is oratorical skill so highly appreciated as in England. It may be that the House of Commons will decide that India is not yet capable of governing itself, but party leaders in the House are wishing sadly that they could find Parliamentary recruits with half Mohammed Ali's possibilities.

WE REFERRED in our last issue to the reign of terror that the Polish Government has established in the Ukraine and quoted from a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* who reported certain gory details. The same correspondent now writes about the recent elections and tells how the German voters of Upper Silesia were in many places not even given ballots. Warsaw on election eve he described as looking like a city under martial law, with infantry, cavalry, and machine-gun detachments clattering through the streets. Many large groups of citizens—notably the army, the employees of the Government, and the employees of many large private concerns that favor the dictatorship—could only vote against Pilsudski at their peril. Beatings, imprisonments, and dismissals were the rewards of those who voted for any opposition candidate, and some idea of Pilsudski's unpopularity can be gained from the fact that he obtained only 248 of the 444 seats in the lower house. Why he lost any, with such methods to support him, remains a mystery.

Meanwhile the German Government plans to present a detailed list of complaints to the League of Nations in January, and *Vorwärts*, the organ of the Social Democrats, hopes that the British Labor Government may prove sympathetic:—

> We know that the Labor Government is overwhelmed with heavy cares at the moment, and has problems to solve such as perhaps no previous British Government had to solve, but the things that are happening in Poland and the things that threaten to result from them are hardly less important. It is necessary to beware lest European disgrace become a European calamity.

Nothing of course can be expected from France. As *Le Temps* smugly remarks, 'The prestige of Marshal Pilsudski is such that his Government is allowed to resort to methods which would not be pardoned in any other government.'

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Colin Ross has spent the last ten years visiting every country in the world. Here is the final balance sheet of all his experiences on five continents.

A Wanderer's TESTAMENT

By COLIN ROSS

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

HAVING finally traveled the length and breadth of Australia, I have completed the programme I adopted when the World War ended. I have now seen the whole world through a single pair of eyes. That this programme was possible, that I was able to visit every continent within the space of ten years and to study every important nation intensively and at close range, is a tribute not so much to the traveler as to the success of modern technique in eliminating space.

I have written newspaper dispatches about my various journeys and I have also described them in book form. And now I am asked to draw up a general balance sheet of all the voyages I have made up and down this world of ours.

The world crisis is here. That is the one great conclusion that I reach. I am convinced that it is really a world crisis, not a stock-market depression and not one of those regular dips in the business cycle. Rather is it a convulsion of all the spiritual, intellectual foundations that underlie our culture, indeed the crisis even represents a gradual crumbling of these foundations themselves.

This world revolution, and I use the word in its widest, especially its spiritual, sense, is by no means a cause for lamentation. Impact with a new epoch may well lead to something stronger, greater, more beautiful. But, above all else, this revolution is inevitable. One cannot attempt to stem the tide, but it is far from futile to throw one's self into the stream, to try to find its source and influence its direction.

Those parts of the great spiritual revolution through which the world is passing that take the forms of Bolshevism, Fascism, and nationalism are

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not, in my opinion, the real focal points of will power. They are merely conglomerate lumps of will power, born of the dull, fermenting consciousness of the masses, who dimly recognize that a great opportunity has arrived. Furthermore, those who claim to be the leaders of peoples and of nations have not yet risen to the occasion, though this does not mean that the men who are striving to take their places could perform their tasks half so well.

Never within the memory of man has there been such a condition of cheap production and oversupply of commodities together with such desperate want. The unemployed, as well as workers and clerks who are haunted by the spectre of unemployment, feel this absurd state of affairs. So do the coffee planters of Brazil, the grain growers and cattle raisers of the Argentine, who have recently risen in revolution, impelled by the same unconscious urge. And this economic contradiction from which we suffer arises from something much more fundamental than the oppressive foreign rule of England, which has led so many fanatics in India to join Gandhi's revolt.

There is no use trying to check artificially the drop in wages and prices, for such measures can only bring temporary improvement. Above all, it is by no means a purely economic question and all this talk about the sovereign importance of economics must eventually cease, because the economists have been as mistaken as the politicians.

Never within human memory have there been available such tremendous natural forces, such a quantity of raw materials and food supplies. Never has it been possible to enjoy so many of the necessities of life with so little work. But compare the standard of living of the average European or American, especially his condition of soul and the sum total of happiness available to him, with the rhythm of life and the sum total of happiness enjoyed by incredibly primitive nations with a minimum of technique. You will soon recognize that the accounts do not balance, that even in a rationalized system something irrational remains, and that this irrational balance upsets the whole reckoning.

OUR period and we who live in it are now facing a grotesque contradiction. We have the technical means to create a paradise on earth, yet we are creating a living hell of a magnitude never before known, for the simple reason that the world has never been such a united whole and furthermore because in ages past, when we had not yet conquered space, every district was independent of every other district and led its own life. The curse of technique is the inevitable compensation of its blessings.

Human development has never followed logical laws but has always progressed in curves and spirals constantly interrupted by backward movements. Thus modern humanity will neither march straight up to paradise nor straight down to hell. It will follow an uncertain, winding path until gradually the new forms crystallize. It is no more possible to describe these forms at the present time than it is to prophesy what course our development will follow. The only thing that modern man can do is to set out decisively toward what might be

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called the heart of the world, that is to say, toward the source of whatever impulses of mind and will are going to alter decisively the face of the earth and of humanity.

I always used to dream that when my travels were over I should buy a house by the sea and there in rest and leisure forge all of my travel experiences into a single whole. Now this journey to the heart of the world might perhaps be undertaken in such a little house by the sea, but it would hardly be possible for a fighting man to work out a theoretic system of knowledge while the whole world outside is boiling and fermenting. Thus I have no choice but to set forth on a new journey which will be more difficult, more uncertain than my travels across the deserts of Africa and Australia.

Where shall I search for this heart of the world? Where are the decisive forces at work that are going to give the world whatever aspect it will wear for the next hundred or thousand years? In America? In that witch's caldron of China? In restless India? In Russia, where all eyes are fixed on the future? Or does the heart of the world beat here among us? Will the new forms be erected in our midst?

I do not believe there is any set formula or any one text that will bring salvation. I believe that one must learn to understand the whole parallelogram of forces which determines our line of development. Therefore my new wanderings will be more difficult, more wearying, because their end is still obscured in mist. And they will be a little sadder, because somewhere my house by the sea has vanished.

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'Europe's future will be settled in Berlin this winter.' A French deputy who visited the German capital while the new Reichstag was in session urges his country to forgive and forget or else face the danger of world revolution.

How Germany Can Be Saved

By PIERRE COT

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*
Paris Liberal Monthly

BECAUSE there is nothing like first-hand experience, I was glad to be able to visit Berlin after the Reichstag assembled in October 1930, just at the time when Hitler's troops and the *Schutzpolizei* were clashing in the streets. I returned from this all too brief visit in an anxious frame of mind. A great danger is menacing Europe, but this danger is not what most Frenchmen suppose it to be. France is watching her frontier and planning how to protect herself against an armed attack. She suffers, in consequence, from a natural fear that keeps her from perceiving her real peril. Everyone is asking, 'Will there be war?' but nobody considers whether Germany will be able to survive the frightful crisis which she is facing and in which we too may be involved.

This crisis has arisen from economic causes. Germany has 3,200,000 unemployed, 500,000 more than in July. Winter is coming, and many workers in the building trades will be laid off. If the movement continues, four or five million men will be without work or money by spring. If we estimate the number of families involved, this means that twelve to fifteen million human beings are suffering increasingly from anxiety, anguish, and destitution. To this multitude should be added the great majority of the peasants, for the German farmer has been urged to replace his equipment in order to aid industry and in consequence has fallen in debt, so that the agricultural crisis finds him without reserves or defense. Country-dwellers as well as city-dwellers stand in dread of the future, fearful of ruin and starvation.

One group of the unemployed suffer more than the others because they are

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unaccustomed to hardship. These are the descendants of the old bourgeois families who were ruined by the War and inflation. The young people of these families are violently opposed to the present economic and political régime; they hate the ruling class, to which they formerly belonged, for this class, while preserving its own standards of comfort and well-being, has not been able to provide these young people with the means of gaining a livelihood. Take the twenty-five- or thirty-year-old son of a former high official. He remembers from his childhood the easy, sumptuous life of the Empire. In his youth he saw parades and reviews on the Tempelhof Feld. Then came the War. From 1917 on he experienced deprivation and, presently, hunger. The year 1918 brought the defeat of the army and the downfall of the government. In 1922 he witnessed the inflation and the disappearance of an entire social class, which was forced down to a proletarian level. The young German of this type had to drop his studies and earn a living. He became embittered, then rebellious. For some months now he has had no work, and he is walking about, hungry and dreamy, in the big cities, having lost all hope of his country's revival, he who knew its grandeur and now sees its irremediable abasement. The success of Hitler and the Communists needs no other explanation than this.

Financial difficulties and parliamentary impotence decided Chancellor Brüning to dissolve the Reichstag last July. Distress and anger accompanied the electoral campaign. The two parties of revolution, the 'Nazis' and Communists, rivaled each other in ardor. Hitler, who is a complete demagogue, holds the foreign powers and the great economic interests of Germany responsible for the present crisis. He denounces the exploitation of the workers by German capitalism and by the victorious states. He arouses popular passions and rallies all the malcontents about him. He plays on class and race hatred.

Facing these two revolutionary blocs are the parties of reason and order, ranging from the Populists to the Social Democrats, who have laid aside their disagreements and divisions in order that the Brüning Government might survive. They have been stalling for time and organizing against the abettors of disorder. Hitler committed a serious blunder in permitting his troops to pillage some Berlin shops while his deputies were making their ridiculous entrance into the Reichstag. The *Schutzpolizei* fully support the Government. Otto Braun, the Prussian minister of the interior, has indicated, in strong, sane words, his desire to checkmate the 'Nazi' movement. The commanders of the *Reichswehr* have affirmed the loyalty of the army. It is henceforth certain that Germany is safe from a sudden *coup de force*.

SUCH, in brief, is the situation. What conclusions are to be drawn? What attitude should we take? The possibility of a German attack against France or Poland must be dismissed, unfortunately for the munition makers, the metallurgists, the manufacturers of reinforced concrete, and the nationalist press. That is not where the real danger lies.

Germany cannot make war, and this inability arises from financial, military, and political causes. One

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need only reflect a little on the facts of the case to be convinced. A people struggling against such formidable difficulties, gripped by poverty and threatened with revolution, does not seriously consider war. Everything that has troubled us can be fully explained on the ground of internal politics. Hitler has made reckless promises to win the Communist troops. The Steel Helmets have paraded at Coblenz to show a startled public that Hitler has no monopoly of numbers, force, organization, or oratory. The Social Democrats are in the embarrassing position of openly supporting a government which is consolidating the financial situation at the expense of the working class. How remote this is from the atmosphere of quasi unanimity and general consent so necessary in any foreign venture!

But—and this is the great danger—if unemployment increases, such a people is ripe for civil war. Empty bellies make rebels, not soldiers. If the situation gets worse, there will be machine guns on street corners this winter. When five million workers are cold and hungry and have lost all hope, they quickly lose all patience, too. There will be pillage and there will be repression. But who will come out on top? Three possibilities exist.

Either Hitler will triumph, or the Communists will conquer, or the Government will master the forces of revolution. The victory of either the 'Nazis' or the Communists would be fatal to the peace of the world. In either case there would be an end to the pacific and industrious Germany with whom we can work for the safety and tranquillity of Europe. In either case Bolshevism would be at our doors and might prevail against us. Our only chance for safety and the only chance for the safety of civilization and European democracy lie in the victory of a Government supported by the moderate parties. But, in order that this victory may be possible, the causes of the crisis must disappear and we must help Germany to recover her equilibrium. We must act quickly. In a few months it will be too late. There is no longer time to search vainly for responsibility; there is only the time for action. The fate of Europe will be decided in Berlin this winter.

What can France do? The crisis which Germany is experiencing is not, properly speaking, a German crisis. It is a European crisis, from which Germany for various reasons is suffering more than any other country. For one thing, she is the most highly industrialized nation in Europe; secondly, she was upset by the peace treaties, which modified her frontiers to her detriment, and by the inflation; thirdly, the War and its consequences dealt her a serious blow which profoundly altered her political structure. Instead of closing our eyes to the facts, let us acknowledge that the work accomplished in 1919 is frankly bad from an economic point of view. We did just the opposite of what we should have done. We increased the number of independent states and, in consequence, the number of customs walls. Industries have arisen behind these barriers, causing overproduction. And this happened at a time when Europe had lost most of her foreign markets in Russia, Latin America, and the Orient, and had become the debtor of the United States. For several years the true state

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of affairs was not evident. Reparation of war destruction and the equipment of the new states provided European industry with temporary markets. To-day we are beginning to see clearly, and we are appalled.

THE remedy for this lamentable chaos lies in a vast customs union which would permit European production to become established on a wider and more rational base. Europe possesses all the requisites for prosperity: raw materials, labor, capital, and colonies. Moreover, the agrarian legislation of the last ten years has turned an immense peasant population into property owners whose needs will grow steadily, assuring Europe of a great interior market which will permit her to regain her equilibrium if she is willing to rationalize.

But M. Briand has been right in emphasizing, since September 1929, the impossibility of a purely economic organization of Europe. Politics will have to overcome the resistance offered by private interests, for the European Federation is a gradual affair, which will require time and patience. We have the patience, but time is lacking. Without forgetting the end in view, we must therefore look forward to a less perfect but more immediate solution. How can France help Germany to recover?

France has more capital than she can use at home. Public opinion, still impregnated with nationalism, dislikes the thought of investing money in Germany. But since Germany needs money, we are witnessing the following course of events: French capitalists are intrusting their money to their bankers, who give them a small rate of interest. These bankers then send the money which they can not dispose of in France to Holland or Switzerland. Finally, in an expensive, roundabout way, the money reaches Germany, but there have been so many transactions and commissions that neither the French capitalist nor the German industrialist derives much benefit from this complicated operation, whose profits are absorbed by the brokers and middlemen.

Is it impossible to simplify all this? Only a little candor is needed. Let the Government—whose business it is—orient the policy of our great credit establishments. Let it reassure the lenders and supply them with guarantees. Let the money, which in any case is destined for German industry, go there frankly, openly, and directly, with more profit to both lender and borrower.

This first result is easy of accomplishment, but more is necessary. If the German crisis is to pass over, not only must French capital be invested in German industry, but the latter must be supplied with new markets. How can this be done? Let us consider the needs of France and the potentialities of Germany. France has not yet renewed her economic and social equipment. Our industry has been modernized, but immense progress is necessary if we are to rejuvenate our country. How much remains to be done in the economic sphere—the Canal des Deux Mers could be built, the Rhone improved, our water power utilized, our roads enlarged, our railroads electrified, airports created, and the decentralization plan carried out. And what opportunities there are in the social sphere. We need stadiums and swimming pools, hospitals and

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sanitariums. And, finally, France possesses a colonial empire which is far from being completely developed. What a market there is there for capital and manufactures!

If we need equipment and have the capital to finance its purchase, and if Germany has technicians, labor, and manufactured products to give us, all can be arranged. The French public which refuses to lend money to Germany would not refuse to lend it to its own Government for the execution of a vast programme of economic construction, both domestic and colonial, and I mean a really vast programme, not the expenditure of some fifteen to twenty billion francs. Let the Government float a huge loan, and all France will subscribe. Then let the Government enlist the aid of German industry to the degree deemed necessary.

How can such a partnership be realized? There should be no difficulty in employing German labor in France and in our colonies. The one essential is that the works undertaken be large enough so that the use of German labor would not cause unemployment in France. A half million German laborers spread over France and the colonies need not disturb even the most patriotic Frenchmen. Our security would be greater with German workers on our soil than if still larger numbers of unemployed were rallying around Hitler across the Rhine.

Moreover, the execution of such a programme would help German industry without hurting French industry. Contracts could be signed with the Germans. Part of the payments to be made could be balanced off against reparations; the rest could take the form of short-term loans, which could be easily watched and would permit Germany to set her factories going and occupy her idle. Finally, if we offer to save Germany, we can at the same time demand that she put her financial house in order. At this point the economic solution bears on our political preoccupations.

THE fact is that all this presupposes the maintenance of that rational, sane, and understanding political policy to which M. Briand's name is attached. The reactions of an unenlightened public opinion have done us much harm in the last few weeks. Unconsciously we have appeared to justify the German nationalists who pretend that Germany can expect nothing from France and her allies. We must guard against brutal and blind refusals of all German claims. We must examine all demands and consider them seriously, even though in the end it may be necessary to reject them. It is a bad method, in international life, to imitate that judge who used to declare, at every opportunity, 'The question will not be raised.' Between France and Germany all questions can and should be raised.

For example, in what way does it serve our interests to oppose every German effort toward the revision of the peace treaties? Does our public opinion really consider the work of 1919 perfect? For, if it is not perfect, how dare we declare it inviolable? We forget that for the last ten years, in order to avoid the breakdown of these treaties, we have been forced constantly to correct, complete, and revise them. That is the history of reparations, of the agreements at London and the Hague, of the Locarno Pact, and of our effort at Ge-

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neva to obtain a better guarantee of our security. Where in heaven's name should we be if we had wished to stick strictly to the 1919 treaties? Of course there is no question of doing over again the work of the Peace Conference, but let us remind German public opinion that the League of Nations 'may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.' Let us leave Germany all her hopes, but let us bring these hopes within the realm of legal recognition. And if the peace treaties contain some especially irritating points, why not work together to reach an adjustment which would eliminate misunderstandings and grievances? To give a specific instance: to be blind to the question of the Danzig Corridor is a wretched method, to give the Corridor to Germany would be a betrayal of Poland; but to seek for an economic, administrative, and legal régime which, mindful of the acquired rights, established habits, and susceptibilities of both parties, would eliminate vexing formalities, daily difficulties, and recurring injuries, would be to work for the peace of Europe.

Germany is in sore straits; her distress is great. Let us lend her a hand. One must have mercy on those who are suffering, even when they have injured one. If our policy were not impregnated with humanity and goodness, it would not be the policy of France.

Schopenhauer said of nationalism that it was the most stupid of passions and the passion of the most stupid. We must not let nationalism blind and ruin us. At the present hour our fate is bound to that of Germany. We can and we must help German democracy. Never since the War has the danger been so great. Whoever keeps silent, under the pretext that the hour is unpropitious for truth, lacks both courage and patriotism.

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The Moscow correspondent of a leading Berlin daily explains the financial difficulties of the Five-Year Plan. He has lived in Russia for years and knows whereof he speaks at strictly first hand.

Deflation *in* RUSSIA

By WILM STEIN

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*
Berlin Liberal Daily

THE STREETS of Moscow recently presented a curious spectacle. The so-called '*valse polonaise*' that the crowds seem to execute as they wait in line before the government dry-goods shops and warehouses grew to enormous size, blocking whole streets to traffic and forcing people here and there through show windows.

What had happened? The Government had suddenly ceased rationing goods and clothing and had begun offering them in unlimited quantities. But the experiment was barely able to continue for forty-eight hours, since the crowds were so great that they crashed through the show windows. Two purposes were being served. In the first place, the Government was attempting to create a more friendly popular attitude toward the revolutionary festivities that were about to occur and, secondly, and even more important, they were endeavoring to bring hard cash into the state Treasury for the payment of salaries long overdue. But the Government discovered that the hunger for goods of all kinds was perhaps a thousand times greater than had been imagined and that the reserve of goods was too small to bring sufficient cash into the empty coffers of the Treasury.

Another result was that the opposition began criticising more sharply than ever the excessive demand for goods and the dangerous position of the state Treasury, which the Communist Party has attempted to improve by unlimited note issues, in other words by inflation. Whether this opposition, as certain rumors assert, went so far as to demand Stalin's resignation or whether Stalin, as other rumors assert, had got wind of their objective in advance is unimpor-

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tant. The point is that the attempt to check Stalin has failed. The press is raging against the new activity of the opposition, against their agitation, and against their attempts to divide the party. Syrtzov has fallen. Rykov is suspended from office, and he, together with Bukharin and Tomski, may be excluded from party membership at any moment. As for the lesser members of the opposition, they suddenly found themselves outlawed and before they had time to come to their senses they were cast out into the Hades where the dim gray masses of Russia dwell.

But what is more important both to Russia and to the outer world than the fate of the opposition is that Stalin's followers have recognized they made a mistake in calculating how to finance the Five-Year Plan. They themselves now recognize that even a Communist state does not have at its disposal sufficient funds to finance long-term operations. The second year of the Five-Year Plan has ended with a big deficit, with a fiasco of the financial aspect of the plan.

How great the deficit may be is kept a careful secret. Only the fact that a deficit exists is admitted. But even without such an admission the last few months speak for themselves. Wages are being paid slowly and in small quantities. Freshly printed paper currency constantly pours out of the government presses, testifying to the desperate condition of the task in which the Soviets are engaged. Prices on the free market have doubled, trebled, quintupled. Even the state is raising the prices of food and other commodities without raising salaries and wages. Metal currency is being hoarded and commands far more than its face value. Foreign currency is mounting to incredible heights. In short, the country is slipping slowly but surely into a period of inflation that apparently cannot be checked.

THOSE theorists in Russia who considered an inflation as either impossible or insignificant have learned a lesson. Their calculations were based on the notion that through the Government's monopoly of business no private exchange of money and goods could be made with other countries; that the chervonetz and ruble would be a purely domestic currency, and that the forced paper currency would achieve parity with gold because dealings with other countries would actually be conducted in dollars and only theoretically in chervontzi. But experience has shown that Russia's economic position was so weak that the small amount of money its inhabitants were able to save, simply by laying aside a few pennies, was enough to form a bridge between foreign and domestic currencies, between dollars and rubles. Peasants and city-dwellers invested in whatever objects of assured value they could find, purchasing gold whenever they could and at other times precious stones, and thus the price variations of these objects regulated the buying power of the ruble outside the field of nationally controlled business and even to a certain extent within that field. This drop in currency values forced an increase in the circulating medium and new note issues were automatically required. It made but little difference that more paper rubles, or treasury bills, and that fewer chervontzi, or bank notes,

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were printed. For, since only bank notes must be backed by a gold reserve and since rubles can still be exchanged for chervontzi, the ratio of paper currency to gold is actually increasing.

Certain radicals have demanded the abolition of money as a protection against inflation. This would mean issuing supply cards and notes for food, clothing, theatre seats, and so forth, instead of paying wages in cash, but the time is not yet ripe for such measures, since a considerable group of peasants still thinks and functions in terms of private business.

THEREFORE, in spite of all superradicalism, it has again been decided to try to stop inflation in the same way the capitalists do and to induce deflation by a strong, regulated, solid financial policy. A law limiting the circulation of rubles on a hundred to hundred basis with the circulation of chervontzi was enacted when a new commissar of finance and a new president of the State Bank assumed office. This law was followed by a long series of measures whose purpose is to make all financial organizations and institutions of emission pursue a single policy but chiefly to reduce the volume of currency and to increase the speed with which it circulates.

The difficulties of the period of deflation now being entered upon are by no means slight. Any man who wants to cash a winning lottery ticket in the bank must wait for weeks before receiving his money, and salaries are paid in small installments and with great delay. To eliminate ready cash, bills for rent, gas, and telephone service are settled through savings banks. Payments by check are being encouraged and payments in cash are being made as difficult as possible. The high prices now being charged remain at least stationary and transportation fares and many other prices are being increased. Due to this policy, money is actually circulating more rapidly in Moscow and the need for new paper currency is decreasing, but in the country districts where, of course, most of the population lives, these aims cannot readily be achieved.

The programme of reorganization laid out for the special quarter from October to January, the saving 'fifth quarter' in the second year of the Five-Year Plan, is being devoted to the special task of setting the country's finances to rights. It has been announced that no more paper currency will be printed. Attempts to build up the industrial plant are to be continued and the deficit of the past year is to be wiped out. This reorganization programme, according to Grinko, the new commissar of finance, is not being put through by the financial authorities but is being dictated by the Party and the Government. Orders are orders.

But people are going about their work reluctantly and complainingly. Grinko has taken over that golden slogan so familiar to capitalists, 'We must make our financing dependent on our reserves'—in other words, our expenditure must not exceed our income. It can be stated with all seriousness that the task of 'social construction' has been hastened much more for political than for economic reasons, and all organizations from the biggest industrial enterprises to the smallest groups of collective farmers have been forced to keep up with the production programme, paying far

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more attention to quantity than to quality. But while all this was going on nobody paid much attention to financial matters. Every building, every factory, every warehouse cost much more than had been estimated. If an industrial enterprise had any surplus funds on its hands it often failed to return these funds to the state Treasury as rapidly as possible, but built itself fine offices. Nor was it any different in the smaller units. In the past year over three billion rubles have been spent in building collective farms, but the Government is having a hard time collecting interest and amortization payments.

Much of what Grinko wants, or is told to want, has to be accomplished by force, by making each leader personally responsible for his own project, by intense centralization, by forbidding any but official banks to be established, by placing the most competent kind of employees in even the lowest executive positions of a financial nature. Nevertheless one problem remains. How, to use Russian terminology, are 'the means of the population to be mobilized,' especially the means that the peasants possess? This mobilization is more vital to the whole reorganization plan than all the excess money that might be procured from industry, transportation, or any other source. In requisitioning wheat, cotton, tobacco, and other agricultural products, huge sums of money have been and will continue to be paid to the peasants, but this increasing and absolutely necessary expense is too gradual and incomplete a method of speeding up the circulation of money. For these payments made to the peasants were one cause of the inflation and remain the chief obstacle that the present deflation crisis must overcome.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem in the light of previous experience, the Russian peasant is hoarding paper rubles. He holds them fast. During the month of October he paid back only 39.3 per cent of what he owed on agricultural taxes and state loans. The so-called 'voluntary' assistance that agriculture is supposed to provide to state financing—that is to say, subscriptions to loans, insurance payments, deposits in savings banks—has fallen far behind expectations and these sources of revenue are the essential channels through which money should flow back from the country districts. It is not that the peasants have suddenly begun hoarding paper rubles, as they did gold rubles, with a view to saving them; the point is that there are not enough industrial wares for them to buy and this lack is due to the fact that the heavy industries have been favored at the expense of industries engaged in the manufacture of finished goods. Thus rubles are being withheld because many peasants believe the continued official announcements which assert that very soon indeed any quantity of goods will be available. And, finally, rubles are accumulating in the country districts because of the very bad financial discipline among the collective farm groups, which often prefer to build a new pig pen or a few better houses to live in than to pay taxes or subscribe to loans.

The drawback of the collective farm, as compared to the individually owned farm, becomes especially evident in the financial field. Quite apart

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from the tremendous investments made in housing, machinery, inventory, and so forth, the Government is suffering a heavy loss of income as a result of the low morale among the collective peasants on the subject of taxes.

In many cases these peasants have joined collective groups where they are now living much better than they used to do and believe that Mother Moscow will pay all expenses—an attitude chiefly due to the overzealous agitation and the fantastic promises of the advocates of collective farming. But the various methods of coercion that the state brought to bear against the kulaks who were forced to make contributions cannot be used toward the collective groups, at least not for the present, since efforts are still being made to extend the collective movement.

The problem of attracting money out of the villages is the most difficult as well as one of the most important tasks that the new finance commissar faces and on it the success of his reorganization programme depends. The first of the three months in this special quarter year has not yet revealed whether the problem has been mastered, and no change is yet evident that will affect the two vital points of this reorganization programme. The scarcity of money remains. Payments of wages continue to lag, and the month of October closed with a deficit of some quarter of a billion rubles.

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A British publicist of left-wing proclivities depicts India in a state of passive revolt. Next comes the speech that the President of the Indian National Congress made from the dock before he was sentenced to two years in jail.

INDIA'S Other Voice

By TWO MEN ON THE SPOT

From *Advance*
Calcutta Home-Rule Daily

I. INDIA—NOW

By H. N. BRAILSFORD

A WEEK ago, when I landed in India, I saw what no one is likely to see again—Bombay obeyed two governments. To the British Government, with all its apparatus of legality and power, there still were loyal the European population, the Indian sepoys, who wear its uniform, a few of the merchant princes, and the older generation of the Moslem minority. The rest of Bombay's population has transferred its allegiance to one of the British Government's too numerous prisoners. Mahatma Gandhi sits in prison, where he writes each week a discourse on some doctrine of his difficult ascetic gospel, which somehow finds its way out past the warders, and appears in every Indian newspaper. In his name Congress ruled this city. Its lightest word was obeyed. . . .

It is in this readiness to suffer that the moral power of this movement resides. Where thousands will go gladly to prison, tens of thousands will give money and hundreds of thousands will obey. It reminds me, in its temper and outlook, of the militant suffrage movement in England, save that it avoids even the minor acts of violence in which those forerunners indulged.

A disarmed people, which in this part of India has no military tradition,

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has instinctively adopted these tactics. It courts suffering; it faces it, as women will, with a noble, if passive, courage. To some it is a religion, to others no more than a tactic. One thinks of the women as the natural exponents of its gospel. Out of the seclusion of centuries they have stepped at the call of patriotism, and nothing in this astonishing movement is so surprising as their joyful devotion. If they have not yet won Swaraj for India, they have completed the emancipation of their own sex. The veils and vetoes are gone, in Bombay at least, so completely that it is difficult to believe that they ever existed.

The test of the power of the Congress came on the third day of my visit. The merchants who import cotton piece goods had abstained for six months from buying foreign cloth, but they had in stock quantities worth five crores of rupees (over £3,500,000) suited only to the Indian market; they could not be reëxported, and they were deteriorating in the warehouses. The merchants met, and, in a somewhat apologetic resolution, declared that they would sell these stocks, but that they would thereafter buy no more.

Congress refused to compromise, and as the event showed, it did not overestimate its strength. Hundreds of its women volunteers marched down to the wholesale market. They would picket every shop and office. Some of them declared that they would go on hunger strike until the merchants withdrew their resolution. A meeting was held at which some of the leading Nationalist orators spoke. And then, even before the pickets had taken up their stations, the struggle was over. The clerks and porters refused to open the warehouse shutters, or to handle one bale of the cloth. Congress had won. In this part of India, at least, its word is law, even though it means ruin to merchants and unemployment to workers. The sixteen mills which it closed because their owners are also importers of English cloth are still closed to-day, and their 32,000 workers have either gone home to their villages, or are living in the sweltering slums on the mercies of Pathan usurers. There are casualties in this bloodless warfare.

As evening falls, you may, as I did on my first day, witness a procession and a demonstration. The volunteers marched in formation, for this peaceful movement does not disdain military order. They made, with the Indian tricolor flag, the orange scarfs of the women, and the white homespun of the men, a rich pageant in the dazzling light. The women sang their boycott song with passion, though sometimes with a touch of fun, as they caught sight of my European headgear. A crowd of 10,000 (some guessed 20,000) squatted on the seashore to hear the mayor of Calcutta, Mr. Sen-Gupta, who had just come out of jail. . . .

Five days later, the other government of Bombay stepped in. It closed the ant heap called Congress House, locked its doors, proclaimed all its dealings illegal, and packed about two hundred of its leaders into prison for terms that range from three to six months. There is less singing. There are fewer meetings. But the warehouses have not yet opened to disgorge their cloth. Bombay has not forgotten its invisible government, and the whisper of a nation is as audible as the Viceroy's decree.

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II. Long Live Free India

By Jawaharlal Nehru

FOR the fifth time I have been arrested and charged with various crimes by the officials of the British Government. For the fifth time, I have no doubt, I shall be convicted. I have so far taken no part in this trial and I desire to take none. But I wish to say a few words so that those who are trying me to-day and my own people, who have honored me beyond measure, may glimpse what I have in my heart.

I am charged with sedition and with the spreading of disaffection against the British Government. Eight and a half years ago I was charged with a similar offense, and I stated then that sedition against the present Government in India had become the creed of the Indian people, and that to preach and practise disaffection against the evil which it represented had become their chief occupation, for the Indian people had come to realize that there could be no freedom for them, no lessening of the terrible exploitation which had crushed the life out of millions, till British rule was removed from India. Since this realization came upon me in all its tragic intensity, I have had no other profession, no other business, no other aim than to fight British imperialism and to drive it from India.

On the first day of this year the National Congress finally resolved to achieve the independence of India, and on the 26th of January the Indian people pledged themselves in their millions to put an end to British rule in India. They declared the age-long right of a people to subvert any Government which had misgoverned and crushed them, and they charged the British Government with having exploited them ruthlessly and done them almost irreparable injury politically, economically, culturally, and spiritually. Since that pledge was taken there can be no willing submission of any Indian to British authority, no recognition by him of British rule; and if a few of us side with the enemy or parley with him while the fight is in progress, it is a terrible measure of the spiritual injury caused by British rule, which has made them kiss the rod that smites them and hug the chains that bind.

Some of these misguided and erring countrymen of ours have chosen to desert the motherland in her hour of need and talk of compromises with British imperialism, but the country has chosen another path under the guidance and inspiration of our great leader, and that path it will pursue till success comes to it. There can be no compromise between freedom and slavery, or between truth and falsehood. We realize that the price of freedom is blood and suffering—the blood of our own countrymen and the suffering of the noblest in the land—and that price we shall pay in full measure.

Already the world is witness to the sacrifice and suffering of our people at the altar of freedom, to the wonderful courage of our women, and to the indomitable spirit of our brave peasantry. . . .

And the world has also seen how the British Government in India has sought to crush our peaceful struggle by frightfulness and methods of barbarism which have earned for it a comparison with the Huns of old. Unlike the Huns, however, it has added insult

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to deep injury and has sought, after the manner of its kind, to cover its deeds of frightfulness with a cloak of piety and sanctimoniousness. Fearful of exposure, it has sought to suppress truth in every way. Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad, and all the mad deeds which the British Government has done in India during the last seven months—desperate devices of a tottering empire—are visible emblems of the crash to come.

We have no quarrel with the English people, much less with the English worker. Like us, he has himself been the victim of imperialism, and it is against this imperialism that we fight. With it there can be no compromise.

To this imperialism or to England we owe no allegiance, and the flag of England in India is an insult to every Indian. The British Government today is an enemy for us, a foreign usurping power holding on to India with the help of its army.

My allegiance is to the Indian people only, and to no king or foreign government. I am a servant of the Indian people, and I recognize no other master.

The end of our struggle approaches, and the British Empire will soon go the way of all the empires of old. The strangling and the degradation of India have gone on long enough. They will be tolerated no longer, and let England and the world take notice that the people of India are prepared to be friends with all who meet them frankly as equals and do not interfere with their freedom. But they will be no friends with such as seek to interfere with their liberties or to exploit the peasant or the worker. Nor will they tolerate in future the humbug and hypocrisy which have been doled out to them in such ample measure by England.

To the Indian people I cannot express my gratitude sufficiently for their confidence and affection. It has been the greatest joy in my life to serve in this glorious struggle and to do my little bit for the cause. I pray that my countrymen and countrywomen will carry on the good fight unceasingly till success crowns their effort and we realize the India of our dreams.

LONG LIVE FREE INDIA

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Eight years of dictatorship and discipline have created a dangerous state of mind in Italy. A Socialist visitor from France prophesies war or revolution and gives some cogent reasons.

Does Italy Want War?

By J. J. VIGNE

Translated from the *Populaire*
Paris Official Socialist Daily

I WAS RUNNING through three or four volumes of Mussolini's speeches in the brightly lit reading room of the library in Forli. 'And now,' I remarked with a detached air to one of the Italian attendants, 'I should like to consult the files of *La Lotta di Classe* [*The Class War*] at the time that newspaper was being run by His Excellency.'

'What a shame, sir,' the attendant replied with his kindest smile, 'what a shame. The file of that paper is now in Rome. You are not the first to have manifested curiosity about it and you will not be the last. But how can we satisfy everybody?' The excellent official paused a moment and then endeavored to convince me. 'After all, you are not missing anything much. The real personality of our leader should be studied from the time of the War until the present.' Again he smiled, showing all his teeth, and with a resigned air I plunged once more into the pile of books on the table before me. When I returned to my hotel, a policeman, the third to visit me in twenty-four hours, demanded my papers, once again asking me my intentions, which set me wondering whether my curiosity at the library had not given rise to this solicitude.

Souvenirs of the Red Mussolini are very numerous in Forli, for it was near here that Mussolini was born forty-eight years ago, his father having been a Socialist and internationalist who kept a tavern. I was shown the site of this building, where the elder Mussolini, a man of the people and a great eater and drinker, was always fighting somebody or something. I was also shown the house where young Mussolini lived, as an Italian expression has it, on a glass of water and

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two dried figs. I saw the prison to which he was committed for several months and a column with a Madonna on top of it that he once knocked down in a fit of rage. But this was before the days when Providence favored him.

The present dictator passed an ardent, quarrelsome youth. He fought for the most extreme ideas and he brought into the fray that love of exaggeration which is the only thing that still attaches him psychologically to his past. Yet he was always a peculiar kind of Socialist, for he really believed in individualism to the marrow of his bones. His favorite heroes were Russian anarchists and nihilists, and he preached, not merely a class struggle, but class warfare.

'Even in those days,' said a man who used to know him, 'he played to the gallery, posing as a conspirator and a solitary figure. He dressed extravagantly, remained shut up in his house by day, only going forth at night, and in his speeches and writings he imitated the truculence of Marat. One day he took flight to Milan, where the party had summoned him to direct its newspaper, the *Avanti*, and when he came in contact with the chief city of Lombardy he rapidly lost the spontaneity, enthusiasm, and generosity that he had inherited from his father and that characterize the typical Italian from Romagna. When the War came, his proud desire to succeed at all costs gave him his chance to break loose from the Socialist Party. Since then he has committed one act of treason after another and has finally achieved power at the expense of his country's liberty and the blood of Matteotti and hundreds of other militant Socialists. He did all this to make himself His Majesty's Prime Minister.'

These last words were spoken with an inimitable degree of hatred which can only be explained by the fact that Romagna still remains the centre of the Italian republican movement. I then asked my friend if his native city of Forli loved its illustrious citizen.

'Certain popular groups,' he replied, 'pretend to admire the head of our government. It flatters the pride of weak-spirited people. Moreover, as you yourself can testify, public works have been pushed with unusual zeal here. The Duce's family lives only a few steps away and he himself often comes to look over his estates with a proprietary eye, for he has become a rich man. Fascism, however, remains foreign to the souls of the people. It is imported, a kind of varnish. Scratch us and you will find that we still have Socialist or republican souls.

'You ask me if Mussolini is popular. There are those who serve him and they are numerous. There are even those who serve him blindly. But when a man is loved for his own sake he does not have to be surrounded by police, and this town is submerged in them. They are everywhere. You have been here forty-eight hours and you have had to show your credentials three times. For my part, I shall have to give at least ten explanations of why I met you and what we have talked about. It is lucky that nobody knows your opinions, for if they did we should both be put in prison. Nothing escapes the police. They see everything. In short, we pay a high price for counting the Duce among our fellow citizens and for playing host to his family.'

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My interlocutor was right. Italy, more than any other country in the world to-day, gives the physical sensation that the police are everything and the individual nothing. The moment you set foot on Italian soil you feel that a shadow falls across you and never leaves you. But this is not the only obsession that a foreigner feels. The other is the Duce himself. The Mussolini myth, which is now on the decline, is nourished in a thousand ways with propaganda carried on by American methods. Mussolini's photograph pursues you implacably. His tragedian's face keeps gazing upon you in hotels, restaurants, bookstores, theatres, cinemas, cafés. You see him leaning against a railing, shaking his fist at imaginary adversaries. You see him playing horse with his youngest child, kneeling before a Madonna, or standing at the head of his musketeers.

Nor is this all. There are busts in plaster, bronze, silver, and even gold. There is a whole literature about him that fills the bookstores. But I asked in one of them what popularity this literature enjoyed. 'Alas, signor,' the brave bookseller informed me, 'the Italians don't read any more.' After all they are not stupid, these Italians, and even though they once did believe in the genius of this son of a Forli tavern keeper, they no longer do so. But let us set forth to Rome.

I ARRIVE at the height of the festivals celebrating the anniversary of the March on Rome. Mussolini makes speeches. His Black-Shirt cohorts and companies-of-war veterans parade. There are illuminations, carnivals, flags, banners, and all the fictitious atmosphere of military enthusiasm. But there is no heart in it. Rome, a city of pleasure, is always ready to applaud masquerades, and even takes a fanatical pleasure in tyrants. It seethes with police, militia, officials who march in step looking like the reincarnated legions of Julius Cæsar. Rome receives with open arms young people corrupted by Fascism who go into ecstasies of pleasure echoing the hatred and war cries of their leader. But the people themselves are absent, remote, hostile. What struck me most during these manifestations was the great, almost brutal distinction between the Fascist followers, of whom there are, of course, many, and the mass of the population, who watch all this agitation as if it were something utterly foreign. It seems as if a wall of silence and hatred were separating all Italians into two irreconcilable camps. One of these camps is shouting for war, adventure, and empire, but in the other it is quite still or else people talk in low voices, through either fear or prudence. One easily recognizes, however, that the day will come when the masses will demand liberty, work, and bread.

How does it happen that the people keep silent? I put this question to a French friend of mine who knows Italy thoroughly and who has lived in Rome for many years. We were returning from the working-class quarter of Trastevere, where we had seen with our own eyes this separation of Italy into two great camps.

'My dear friend,' my host replied, 'this silence and resignation seem inexplicable at first but when one goes to the bottom of the matter one understands. We are living under police rule and one does not have to do much to be sent to prison—indeed,

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one does n't have to do anything. Mere denunciation by a single individual is enough to cause you to be summoned before a commission and you are quickly disposed of. "You are accused of propaganda." "Why, sir?" you inquire. "At a certain time of a certain day you said, 'We have had enough.'" "Never, sir." "Have you anything to say in your defense?" "But, sir, I ask you . . ." "You have nothing to say?" "What?" "Three years of forced domicile."

'There is nothing to say, nothing to do. A week later you embark for the island of Lipari or Ponza. Three years of exile follow and even what I have just described to you is exceptionally favorable. Nine times out of ten the commission that assigns you to a forced domicile does not meet. Some fine day a policeman simply arrives at your house and takes you to prison. You stay there ten days, a month, or three months waiting to be transported to the island. You are accused of nothing. You cannot talk to your relations or to any lawyer. It is only when you arrive at the island that you learn that the famous commission has condemned you to five years in exile.'

We walk past the Law Courts, a monumental building that looks like a citadel. 'But all this is nothing,' my friend continues. 'The official organ of terrorism is the Special Tribunal. This tribunal fills the same duties that the active Fascist Brigades filled in the early days of Fascism. It terrorizes the population. Since 1927 it has pronounced six death sentences which were followed in the space of a few hours by as many capital executions. It began by imposing a sentence of thirty years in a convict prison on the Socialist deputy, Zaniboni, and on the general of the Free Masons, Cappello, for a supposed plot against the life of the Duce. It condemned the anarchist, Lucetti, to thirty years in prison. The parents of a young man who made an attempt on Mussolini's life in 1926 in Bologna and who was lynched by a crowd of Black Shirts were condemned to thirty years' imprisonment without any proof of guilt on their part.'

'But it is n't possible.'

'It is a fact. Thousands of militant Communists, Socialists, and liberals have been condemned without evidence and without being permitted to present a defense. Alas, when a proletariat is beaten it takes years for it to raise its head again. Look at Hungary and Bulgaria, and remember Paris after the Commune.'

MY own subsequent observations fully confirmed the impressions of my friend. The Fascist Tribunal exercises a veritable terror in Italy. The proletarian and liberal advance guards do not fear it but confront it with admirable courage, shouting, 'Long live liberty, long live Socialism,' as they are condemned, but for the majority of the population the Special Tribunal is a nightmare. Because it has been inspiring less fear of late, Mussolini has ordered it to pronounce more condemnations of death, declaring as he did so, 'Bullets await adversaries of the dictatorship.'

Neither repression born of violence nor the terrorism of the Special Tribunal can prevail against the rebirth of the spirit of liberty. This rebirth is marked and constitutes the most interesting feature of the intellectual and moral life of modern

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Italy. Mussolini himself, in his occasional moments of sincerity and lucidity, has been forced to recognize the unyielding opposition to his régime among the intellectual middle class and the urban proletariat, that is to say, among the cultivated classes and the classes of the future.

'A police régime,' I was told by a former university teacher who has found refuge from Fascism in a solitary retreat, 'will always be the negation of intelligence, science, literature, and philosophy.'

'So Fascism has produced nothing in the sphere of the intelligence?'

'Absolutely nothing. The so-called Fascist art, literature, and philosophy amount to nothing but scraps of unrelated doctrine that enjoyed a moment of celebrity before the War and marked a reaction against positivism and materialism. No, the peculiarity of Fascism is that it has no doctrine. It is a movement whose only ambition is to survive, and whose survival demands that it deny every day what it said and did the day before. There is no coherence in repression. How do you expect a Fascist literature to exist under these conditions? Do you know the most successful book in Italy? It is a novel by a young man named Alberto Moravia who has great talent and good taste and who in a lively volume entitled, *The Indifferent Ones*, has traced a striking and accurate picture of the moral and intellectual decay of the dominating classes, who have fallen into indifference and boredom. As for historical, philosophical, and critical writing, it has definitely tended to seek refuge in the past. No one reads the apologias for Fascism or Mussolini's writings. Benedetto Croce's *Contemporary History*, on the other hand, has enjoyed a great success, although it prudently stops at 1914. People study Garibaldi, Mazzini, the French Revolution, and the *Risorgimento*. They do all this to avoid the present, which has nothing of value to offer.'

'How about the younger generation?'

'The younger generation is not escaping from this tendency and the young writers whose souls are not servile and who recognize the impossibility of writing freely about life as it is are returning to folk lore and to regional literature. But in a general way there is a renaissance of the spirit of liberty, and important events are brewing. In the universities and secondary schools the number of anti-Fascist students has assumed considerable proportions. The sobering-off process has begun. May it continue until it unmasks Fascism and rights the wrongs that the country has suffered.'

This is the way a scientific man spoke to me, coolly, almost with detachment, as a witness somewhat apart from the surrounding confusion.

BUT when one mixes with the common people their passion for liberty assumes unforeseen and heated aspects. The intellectual and proletarian advance guard of Italy is living off pure romanticism. One seems to be back in 1830, when the spirit of political and national liberty was coming to life all over Europe. Secret societies are extremely numerous and the most incredible stories are whispered from ear to ear. People are devouring clandestine and foreign literature. The result is that the struggle has been reduced to simple, even childish terms.

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One favors either Fascism or liberty. Only proscripts and deputies discuss social and political matters seriously; the popular masses and the young people are unaffected. Wild rumors often attract attention and it is even believed that the King's sense of honor will suddenly revive, and that the army will fight the Fascist militia. Great things are hoped for from the proscripts, from European Socialists, and from war.

War. That is the watchword. It is spoken often throughout Europe either indignantly or with feigned indignation. It is condemned and those who are preparing for it are condemned. It is referred to as the height of folly and despair. But nowhere is this terrible word repeated so insistently as in Italy. As soon as one has set foot on the peninsula one seems to be living in a nightmare of war.

People that one sees whispering to each other in trains or cafés are talking of war and mobilization. As soon as you meet some old friend that you have not seen for years he says to you, 'Well, is it to be war?' Boys who have just let go of their mothers' apron strings speak of war as a form of world hygiene and say that the French are at last going to pay for all the crimes they have committed. Men who stand in line for passports are impelled beyond the frontiers of Italy as much by their desire to escape being mobilized as by their need to earn a living. The coachman you have hired asks you, as you admire the Coliseum, whether war is imminent.

'So you are absolutely persuaded that Fascism wants war and is preparing for it?'

'I am, my dear Vigne,' my host replied, 'fully persuaded that Fascism is preparing for war, though I cannot say whether it wants war or would take the initiative in starting one. But let me bring home to you that it is not a question of opinion but of facts. You have been in Italy for six weeks and everywhere you hear people talking about war. That is a fact. And is there any head of a government who has used the language Mussolini does? Has any one else sung the praises of cannon, machine guns, and bayonets day after day? Look here.' My friend opened a morning paper, one of those Fascist sheets that differ only in their titles and sometimes a little in their style. 'Here is Mussolini's last speech. What kind of language does he address to the wounded soldiers? A language of murder and provocation. He talks of nothing but war, of Rome triumphing over Europe, which is condemned to the most lamentable period of decay. You smile?'

'But you must admit I have reason to do so.'

'Of course the tone is grandiloquent and absurd and the Fascists have only taken the first step. These Black-Shirt battalions who talk like Cæsar's legions are obviously ridiculous. Nevertheless, they are the dominating force in Italy. Their state of mind is not to be neglected. That is one fact, and here is another, much more important. You have traveled much, but what country that you have visited is as military as ours? Besides the army, that now numbers 400,000 men, besides the police corps, that numbers 120,000, there is the Fascist militia, a veritable replica of the regular army with its own organization, regulations, barracks, and arsenals. Last April the

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militia numbered 390,000 men. Every year in April forty to sixty thousand young men are automatically enlisted in the militia and receive arms. Up to now the militia has remained voluntary, but the Fascist Grand Council has just made the term of service ten years and, following the example of the German *Reichswehr*, has set up a true professional army in skeleton form. This makes nearly a million men under arms. In addition, quantities of premilitary, post-school associations, composed of boy and girl scouts who meet after the day's work, aim to give the youth of the country a military rather than a sport education. Add up these figures, think over these facts, and then tell me what all this is for, if not for war.'

'There is always the possibility of civil war . . .'

'Of course. The military organization of Fascism is chiefly needed to maintain domestic order. But that is something one cannot admit publicly and, besides, the Government must maintain artificially a permanent atmosphere of patriotism and aggression.'

'Against France?'

'Against France chiefly and secondarily against Yugoslavia. The connection between Italy's domestic and foreign policies is very close. As long as Fascism was fighting organized opposition at home, it conducted an incoherent foreign policy, lacking in spirit but also lacking in risk. The expedition to Corfu was the only exception to this rule. But after the open proclamation of the dictatorship, after the plebiscite of 1929 and the solemn declaration that domestic opposition had ceased, how can special tribunals and the refusal of amnesties be justified? If there is no more opposition, what is the use of passing laws against the opposition? If all Italy is Fascist, what is the use of the political police and the militia?

'Mussolini's answer is that Fascism cannot rest on its laurels. He says that there is no more domestic opposition but that there is a European conspiracy against Fascism and that a new Holy Alliance, headed by France, is being formed against Italy, and that Italy must therefore consider herself in a state of mobilization and war against this Holy Alliance. Long before Mussolini's speech on the eighth anniversary of his march on Rome, Fascism gave up pretending to be strictly Italian. Its connections with followers of Hitler in Germany and of Starhemberg in Austria date back before the elections of last September.'

'Fascism is therefore threatening war by becoming international?'

'So the evidence indicates. An isolated Mussolini might be an object of curiosity, a Mussolini with a solid alliance in Germany would become a public danger. His campaign for treaty revision, though fundamentally just, conceals the diplomatic manœuvre of putting himself at the head of a league of malcontents. This is the way the situation looks to me. Fascism is preparing itself psychologically and materially for war. Its reactionary domestic policy demands a policy of provocation and aggression abroad. The campaign to revise the Versailles Treaty advanced by Fascism goes directly against peace.'

'But how does public opinion react?'

'There is no public opinion under a dictatorship. You know my private

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opinion but you must also remember that the idea of war is acceptable and even popular in certain quarters. Some see in it a means of overthrowing the dictatorship. Others have come to believe in good faith that France is at the head of an anti-Italian league. Certain errors in French diplomacy toward Italy have given an appearance of justice to the Fascist campaign. Then remember that you are too rich and we are too poor. And, finally, my dear Vigne, have you perceived the incredible forgetfulness and ingenuousness of the popular masses? It is so easy to poison relations between two countries.'

We had just finished dining in the solitude of a Roman castle far from the noise of the city. Day was dying. Peasants were returning from their work. Children were playing in doorways while their mothers were commenting on the events of the hour.

A sincere Frenchman and a sincere Italian, both of them Socialists in a country where Socialism is outlawed, walked arm in arm. They carried within them the profound conviction that their respective countries were meant to understand and be complementary to each other. They had divested themselves of all nationalist venom and there was only one cause for misunderstanding left: they were forced to recognize that the present situation contains serious dangers of war. On both sides of the frontier cannon and machine guns are in position and ready to fire.

THE hour for my departure had arrived. I spent several days in a kind of dream which seemed to transport me to bygone centuries of conspiracy, and before I left I wished I could form some clear idea of the present and future. But I had to renounce the task. Italy at the present moment is a country of mystery. Only those who know nothing of its real state of mind can believe that Fascism is solidly in the saddle. No one familiar with the country's past can believe that the revolutionary movement that has shaken Italy and the whole world since the War has crystallized in Fascism.

The dictatorship itself betrays its anxiety in its disorderly policy. Mussolini's campaign for treaty revision is inexplicable on the ground of political realism. Italian nationalism has nothing to gain and even runs the risk of losing territory on the east and northeast frontiers. Mussolini's efforts to make Italians believe that Fascism is the revolution and that Socialism and liberalism represent the counter-revolution reflect the really revolutionary activity that is shaking the country to its foundations.

I come back from Rome convinced that the rhythm of revolution has not only failed to subside but that it can not fail to gain new explosive force from day to day. Nothing in Italy is established, neither the dictatorship, the monarchy, the stock exchange, nor the National Bank. Everything is being questioned as it was in the feverish days that followed the War. Fascism has solved none of the social contradictions that had then brought the country to the eve of a proletarian revolution. On the contrary, it has aggravated all these elements by immobilizing them through force.

I also believe that anyone who imagines that Fascism may disappear without a trace and be succeeded by a new constitutional order has lost

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touch with reality. Such people dream that some fine day Victor Emmanuel will summon Mussolini and say to him, 'Now your task is over and mine, too. I am going to abdicate in favor of my son.' In this dream Mussolini is supposed to bow and reply, 'I am Your Majesty's humble servant.'

This is too simple to be true. Just now the interests of the monarchy and of high finance are solidly supporting the dictatorship, although confidence in it vanished long ago. The Socialist and liberal advance guard knows this. It does not fail to recognize that a by no means negligible Communist movement exists. This advance guard is advocating revolutionary struggle for a democracy and a republic of workers, that is to say, a republic that would do away not only with the privileges of political oligarchies but with the privileges of economic oligarchies. To this party the future belongs.

But the present is full of trouble. Poverty reigns among the working people. A rigorous winter of unemployment and hunger is on its way. The unemployed are reduced to beggary and one encounters them standing in line waiting for free distributions of bread, milk, and coal. The Fascists, from their leader down to the last of his militiamen, are becoming exasperated by the growing difficulties and by the bitter resignation of the masses. The whole country is living in the expectation that something unexpected, some miracle, some violent outbreak, will upset everything. Forty million Italians are huddling together on an ungrateful soil. The nation is nothing but a vast prison.

Italy's destiny remains mysterious, as mysterious as the destiny of the other countries of Eastern and Southern Europe and of Germany, too. As I am preparing to leave the rumor circulates that the Government has discovered a great plot. Hundreds of anti-Fascists are arrested. Is this a passing alarm or is a real crisis approaching? Is it war or revolution? One thing only seems clear: the dictatorship, protected by its pretorian guards, who are nothing more nor less than the armed forces of fear, is sure neither of the present nor of the future.

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Persons and Personages

SINCLAIR LEWIS

By RICHARD HÜLSENBECK

Translated from the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin Literary Weekly

SINCLAIR LEWIS is a restless man. Once, when I tried to meet him in New York I found he had left for Chicago, and when I thought I had caught him in Chicago it appeared that he had taken the night train back to New York. When I was in England he had just hopped across to Berlin and the next thing Berlin knew he had set forth on an automobile tour of Scotland. Sinclair Lewis is a restless man, I say.

But his is the restlessness of good health, not the neurasthenia from which our authors suffer. In his youth he wrote verses and plays whose heroes stabbed themselves as they quoted Longfellow. But he did not grow up as a professional literary man the way our writers do, nor was he hampered by classical traditions that would have made him feel like a kind of placard advertising his nationality. Once upon a time Americans used to ride everywhere on horseback and swear as much as they pleased, and in those days all worthy folk believed that literature was a false step on the slippery waxed floor of religion.

Now when Sinclair Lewis really began serious writing and tried to develop his talent consciously, the American nation was entering upon a period in which it was no longer concerned with Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, or Jack London. In those days authors were looked upon as scarcely better than drunkards, object lessons in moral insanity. Writers would retire to self-contained colonies and were supported by literary societies and book clubs.

But the appearance of Sinclair Lewis marked the real end of the trapper epoch in American literature. For the first time an intelligent American appeared on the scene who was no longer an exceptional case, a man who was not pampered by sentimental women but represented conscious, mature Americanism. With Sinclair Lewis the Americans were for the first time able to see themselves in true perspective. They themselves became the subjects of his work, in other words, they had come of age. I repeat, Sinclair Lewis represents American mentality arriving at maturity.

Now that it is no longer considered an act of incredible heroism to swear in the presence of a lady Christian Scientist, all American problems have assumed a new aspect. Sinclair Lewis was the first man to focus on

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America's intellectual problem and to give it a new shape from within. Jack London was a mere adventurer and for that reason does not enjoy any great reputation in his native land. People were waiting for a prophet who would give a documentary account of the coming of age of a whole country, a process in which the World War played a major part. Sinclair Lewis is this prophet to a much greater extent than Upton Sinclair, for instance, who is merely the exponent of one political party's attitude toward life. Sinclair Lewis must be regarded as a middle-class citizen because he is not engaged in class warfare and because his characters often live in that typical American atmosphere that might be described as asocial. Nevertheless, Sinclair Lewis is a man of spirit, indeed so exclusively a man of spirit that his prejudices are based on purely spiritual standards. This is why Babbitt impressed the Americans so strongly, for he belongs to no party, but simply says to the world, 'Here is life devoid of spirit. This is the way a man looks if he strives for unspiritual instead of spiritual ends.' Babbitt would never have made the impression he did if he had been represented as a crusader in some partisan cause.

Sinclair Lewis differs from European critics of society in his unsentimental, unperfumed healthiness. His style clearly reveals that he does not attach undue importance to his genius. Sinclair Lewis does not breathe the air of snobbery when he describes exclusive circles and thus he differs fundamentally from Galsworthy. He does not chisel his characters finely and rather too anxiously after the fashion of Thomas Mann. He has that sound American sense of values that arises from his ability always to land on his feet. He knows that there are other people in the world besides writers—merchants, workingmen, garage owners, grocers, and speakeasy proprietors. Furthermore, he is familiar with all these fellows. He goes about with the robust manner of a man who knows everything yet does not suffer his whole life long because of this knowledge. It is unjust to criticize Lewis on the ground that he is always complaining. He is not at all narrow-minded, not in the least intellectual—indeed, he is perhaps not intellectual enough when he describes the habits of his fellow countrymen. He is like a grown man telling funny stories of his boyhood. 'Now look here,' he seems to say, 'look at this America that has just grown up and has the World War behind it. Just look at what comic fellows are running around in it.'

SINCLAIR LEWIS differs fundamentally from our own ironists. It is often easy to laugh at his characters but the laugh never goes deep enough to lead to tears. The irony of Sinclair Lewis thus has no disagreeable sharpness, because as a writer he feels that he must present fully

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rounded characters. Sinclair Lewis believes it to be his task to describe Americans just as they are. He is a very keen reporter of American humanity and one often feels that he is collecting material for psychological study—though his characters are ridiculous to the point of exasperation, their creator can do nothing for them. It never seems to have occurred to him to develop a philosophy of life based on irony. The fact is that he is not at all pessimistic; and the various clowns and Babbitts he has created possess no eternal value; they are not meant to be taken so seriously as all that. For one thing he does not seem to regard literature as a means of attaining immortality and, furthermore, no country in the world is changing so rapidly as America. Here you have a comic fellow whose highest pleasure is to shake hands with the President, but tomorrow the whole principle of democracy may be questioned. Who can tell?

Sinclair Lewis is too Anglo-Saxon. His literature is too much in the sporting tradition to make a profound impression. No great distance separates Sinclair Lewis, the typical member of the middle class, from Ernest Hemingway, the typical adventurer. Anglo-Saxon authors all have the same fellowship with life: they are on intimate terms with good fortune and ill. They make no attempt to bolster up life artificially. There is nothing restrained about what they write, nor is there anything predetermined, in the best sense of the word. Their characters are not the fruit of spiritual conversions. They are always in a state of flux, like a movie film. Life whirls by. 'Put it there; I'll see you later, old boy.'

Upton Sinclair is a very different type. He might be a European, whereas Sinclair Lewis is a thoroughly typical American. By this I mean that Lewis never creates empty characters. He does not make them utter theories that a tortured man might have thought out for himself in order to become a famous literary figure. Although he is the most restless and widely traveled man I know, he must have loved his home profoundly to be able to write *Main Street*. He is infected with the village virus, the Philistine bacillus whose discovery has redeemed his fellow countrymen and has made their discoverer a rich man. Of course his works are full of Philistines whom he ridicules, but who would think of gainsaying them? The Baptists, Anabaptists, and Puritans in *Elmer Gantry* are grotesque and perhaps libelous creations, yet they grow in strength along with the great country they inhabit, and even if Lewis may say no to some of his characters he will always say yes to America.

For he himself has grown up with America and knows what rich blood has brought him to his present high estate. Sinclair Lewis is an alert, cosmopolitan, ironic, middle-class, mature American, the first one of his kind to investigate every conceivable problem—the woman question, education, Prohibition, and the World War. He solves these ques-

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tions from a spiritual and sovereignly creative point of view, never resorting to preconceived ideas or to any system. He does not say that this man is good and that one bad; he simply describes the good, the bad, the sublime, and the ridiculous. Sinclair Lewis is an observer of the versatile life of America, whose brilliant colors he is the first man to have reproduced. Through Sinclair Lewis, and almost exclusively through him, we and the Nobel-Prize committee recognize that our former ideas of America were very inaccurate. What American writer up to now has given us the opportunity to follow the career of an American doctor from start to finish as Lewis did in *Arrowsmith?* The life of a doctor in America is worlds removed from the life of a doctor in Europe and we now understand why.

But the irony of Sinclair Lewis has reached a dangerous stage. He is now turning against his own heart, an amusing but perilous enterprise. I recommend *Dodsworth* to critical consideration because it is full of suggestions in regard to what we call the Europeanizing of America.

Einstein Gives His Views

From the *New Leader*, London Independent Labor Weekly

AMID THE MANY distractions of his fleeting visit to London last week Professor Albert Einstein courteously agreed to give his views on a number of matters to readers of the *New Leader*. Professor Einstein is universally recognized as the greatest scientist now living. Bernard Shaw has said of him that he is one of the eight greatest men in the world, the men who were 'makers of universes.'

Besides being a great scientist Professor Einstein is also a Socialist. Though he owes allegiance to no political party in Germany he watches closely the activities of the Socialists. He accepts the Socialist view about the organization of wealth. He believes its present distribution, which gives some people more money than they can usefully spend and which at the same time allows masses of people to exist in poverty, is wrong.

It proved no easy matter to obtain the expression of opinions we desired. We read the newspaper accounts of the professor's arrival in London. Attempts to interview him resulted in failure. Our hearts sank. But we did not give up. This job had to be put through somehow. We telephoned a mutual friend of the professor and the *New Leader*. He would do his best, but 'You know,' he said, 'Einstein, like many other important people, is very shy and unassuming and hates publicity and press interviews.'

Further consultation, however, produced the excellent suggestion that the *New Leader* should entrust this friend with some questions which

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the professor could consider and to which he could reply. To this course the professor agreed. The first question put to him was:—

> What, in your view, is likely to be the influence of scientific discovery on social progress?

His answer was:—

> The effect of the progress of science is to liberate human beings from sheer muscular effort and thus to render possible the participation of everyone in the social and intellectual life of the human race.

The second question, as to whether or not the influence of scientific discovery would give capitalism a new era of greater stability and power, was rejected by the professor on the ground that it was not sufficiently clear what conception of capitalism was in the mind of the questioner. As an alternative the question was put:—

> Is the enormous extension of human power over natural resources likely to compel the abandonment of concentrated private ownership and control of industrial processes and their replacement by forms of communal ownership and control?

And this brought forth support for the Socialist case for public control of industry. The professor said:—

> Science has furnished us with little information on this subject. The experience of history is, however, to the effect that an ever-increasing number of economic organizations have become public property or have been placed under public control. The concentration of large-scale industry, which is an economic necessity, brings about the imposition of public control.

Professor Einstein was then asked:—

> What is the influence of science on the pursuit of world peace? Is it likely to make war so horrible and universally devastating as to compel the abandonment of armaments, or will it, on the contrary, merely lead to the concentration of the power to make war in the hands of the most scientifically advanced nations?

The answer demonstrates the tremendous importance which Professor Einstein attaches to ethical considerations. He replied:—

> The development of technical appliances, more particularly those appliances which are used in warfare, will not promote pacifism. In this sphere the will to promote ethical purposes is alone of decisive importance. The hammer that builds houses also breaks skulls.

The professor was next asked a question of scientific interest:—

> What, in your opinion, has been the most important contribution (other than your own theory of 'relativity') to scientific knowledge during the last five years (a) in pure science and (b) in applied science?

To the 'pure-science' question he replied:—

> The most important contribution to science within the last five years is the elaboration of atom mechanics into one consistent, scientific system.

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To the 'applied-science' question the professor replied:—

> The answer to this question can hardly be given in one single statement.

And so ended the answers to our questions. His answer to the question about science and warfare reminds one that he is a stanch war resister. Last year, when asked what he would do in the event of another war's breaking out, he said:—

> I should unconditionally refuse every direct or indirect war service, and try to induce my friends to adopt the same attitude irrespective of the general opinion on the causes of the war.

To compulsory military training he is utterly opposed. Recently he wrote that 'compulsory military service is something to be repudiated. I regard it as a duty to conscience to oppose with all means this suppression of individual liberty.'

André Maurois

By John Charpentier

Translated from the *Mercure de France*, Paris Literary Semimonthly

'M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS,' as I wrote in these pages not long ago, 'is a classic writer who excels, in accordance with the best classical traditions, in clarifying whatever he touches or, if you prefer, in presenting eccentric subjects to honest folk in easily assimilable form.'

He does not plagiarize, as he has been accused of doing; he adapts. I do not believe that he can create in the true sense of the word, that is to say, compose characters; he can only combine certain traits that he borrows from various sources. At once a novelist and a biographer, he cannot fully play either part but simply tells about himself or draws comparisons between some great lyrical or political occurrence and the adventures of his own intelligence and his own heart. The inventor of novelized biography, he is also a writer of autobiographical novels. *Bernard Quesnay* transposes almost exactly his own life as a business man. *Climats* contains his sentimental life, and in *Aspects of Biography* he confesses that he only tried to tell Shelley's life in order to take vengeance on his own youthful chimeras.

Disraeli is an apologia for the type that he considers represents his race most fully—for, as everyone knows, M. André Maurois's real name is Herzog, and he is an Israelite. Thus he is not content to present Disraeli simply as Queen Victoria's prime minister, with an Oriental imagination, to be sure, but he adds a flattering picture of the dazzling success of which he himself dreams.

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Beneath all this subjectiveness a real poet may exist, or at least an egotist like Amiel, though not, perhaps, an individualist like Chateaubriand. But M. Maurois does not write for himself alone. Being more eager to please his readers than to astonish them or do them violence, he never forgets their existence. It is for their benefit that he reduced the genius who created *Prometheus* to the proportions of a fantastic, rather funny creature.

M. Maurois also has taste and great cleverness. His mind is brilliant and he has a highly refined sense of discrimination. Few things are more agreeable than to follow him as he strolls through English parks with the illusion that he is walking through French gardens.

I have already dwelt on his classic qualities, but this point must be amplified. Certain classic figures are classic in their own right and there are others who are classic by absorption. Between the former and the latter an infinite distance extends, the distance that separates Racine and Campistron. The best of the latter type, to which M. Maurois belongs, repair the errors or correct the faults of their predecessors, whose work they exploit if indeed they do not actually profit from it.

Like Théophile Gautier, Maurois needs an imaginative work written by somebody else to bolster up his own. Edward Dowden's copious book on Shelley served him well in *Ariel* and, in the case of *Disraeli*, the life by Monypenny and Buckle filled the same purpose. By listening to English officers with whom he was quartered as an interpreter during the War and by collecting their remarks, which he subjected to his own ironic humor, he wrote *The Silences of Colonel Bramble* and *The Discourses of Dr. O'Grady*. His *Dialogues sur le commandement* recall Paul Louis Courrier's *La conversation de la comtesse d'Albany*, just as his pages on the *Sorrows of Young Werther* recall Lewes's life of Goethe. And when he wrote his study of Walpole he did not forget Sainte-Beuve's portrait of Mme. du Deffand.

His love of imitation does not amount to slavery, and nothing amazes me less than the amusement he got from his idea of imitating Marcel Proust, whose form of psychology haunted him. Swann is the father, if not the elder brother, of his own character, Philippe, in *Climats*, and I am convinced that to base his own literary experiment on such a model gave him as much pleasure as a swimmer experiences when he plunges into a river in which heretofore he has merely dabbled.

Of course, M. Maurois has been irritated when people said that he was more clever than serious, more productive than profound, and by writing a massive book on Byron at the same time that his friend, Charles du Bos, was undertaking the same task, he endeavored to prove that he could perform wearisome, scholarly work like anybody else. His biography of the author of *Don Juan* makes an imposing impression, it is

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true, by virtue of the solid documentary evidence on which it rests, but it lacks fire and power. If I had one piece of advice to give M. Maurois it would be to return to his earlier manner. He is far from having exhausted its advantages and we have everything to gain from his continuing to exploit his skill in this direction, in which he excels. M. Maurois knows English too well for us to have to remind him that wisdom demands maintaining the 'right man in the right place.'

D'Annunzio—A Woman's Version

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

ONCE AGAIN the eyes of Europe are turned toward Gabriele D'Annunzio, that great poet and war hero who lives apart from the world in his palace, on whose door one word is inscribed, 'Rest.' In the presence of representatives of the Italian Government, he has made his last will and testament, leaving all his property to the Italian nation. This event prompted me to visit Ida Rubinstein, the famous dancer who used to be very close to him and who gave me a clear and pregnant description of the Prince of Montenevoso.

'D'Annunzio, who has now been leading the life of a real hermit for some years, came to Paris when the Russian ballet was first attracting interest,' Madame Rubinstein began. 'Though he was a poor man he was full of confidence and his heroic personality did not know what the word discouragement meant. He was pursued by misfortune and suffered from that miserable kind of poverty that is harder to bear than any tragic stroke of destiny. Yet this was not the first time he had lived in Paris. He had also been there as a youth, having earned his bread as a guide for foreign tourists. What tricks fate plays! D'Annunzio, who now owns one of the most beautiful palaces in Italy and who has become a prince surrounded by riches of every kind, once made his living as a guide for rich foreigners. Yet never did I hear him complain. All he did was to keep saying that he understood what the French poet, Leconte de Lisle, meant when he said, "It is awful to be a man."'

'How did you get to know D'Annunzio?'

'I was performing the parts of Scheherezade and Cleopatra. D'Annunzio came to watch me every evening, though I did not know him. One day I received a letter from him in which he asked permission to visit me. I replied and he came. No sooner had he appeared than he announced that I incorporated a vision he had seen in the clouds above Abruzzi. I did not quite understand him but he showed me a manuscript, *The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian*, and said that the work had been written for me. With these words—and I can see him before me as if it

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had happened yesterday—he threw his head back and seemed to be listening to some inaudible music. His spirit and his way of expressing himself made a deep impression upon me. From that day forth he identified me with his character of Saint Sebastian and called me "brother," a peculiar way of addressing a woman. Right up to recent years he has begun all his letters to me, "*Mon frère.*"

'At that time D'Annunzio lived in an old house in Arcachon surrounded by a lovely garden. People used to bring quantities of stray animals there, especially hungry lost dogs. In this garden lay the hull of an old boat and to-day, many years afterward, there is again a boat in D'Annunzio's garden, the battle ship, *La Puglia*, on which he took possession of Fiume and which was later presented to him by the Italian Government. He has made a place for it in his garden behind his castle. To-day there is but one thing D'Annunzio wants—rest. Formerly he was quite different. He made but few friendships but he was always true to those he favored. Furthermore, the hermit of to-day used to play the part of a brilliant society man and witty conversationalist.

'After the *Saint Sebastian* he wrote the *Pisanella* for me. He worked from sixteen to seventeen hours a day and made a practice of copying over his manuscript for my benefit. Naturally this left him but little time for rest. I have a letter . . .' Madame Rubinstein arose and opened a little box full of yellowing letters and manuscripts written in D'Annunzio's characteristic sweeping hand. She handed me a letter and I read, 'Dear Brother, you must treat me very affectionately to console me for all this frightful torture. I have been copying for twelve hours on end, no more, no less. My poor hand is swollen and hurts me not a little.'

'When he left his country house he set himself up in the same hotel in which I was living. In spite of his strenuous activities and his swollen hand he used to write me messages every two hours and often long letters as well. I treasure this correspondence highly.'

'Have you ever thought of publishing your correspondence with D'Annunzio?'

'It won't be published yet. I do not feel justified in doing so. There are letters which will have historical interest some day but they are too personal to appear now and perhaps would arouse uncalled-for curiosity. Until we are both dead, he and I, these letters cannot be made public.'

'Can you not remember, Madame, whether D'Annunzio in his earlier years showed any of the love of aviation that he has revealed of late?'

'I can positively state that he did not have any such enthusiasm. He did not care for aviation or for any other sport. What he loved was heroism. He became a flier only because he thought that the airplane was the most effective and dangerous weapon of battle, dangerous not only to the enemy but to the aviator as well. Before he went to war he said to

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me, "I shall not allow any discord between my art and my life. 'My fate must fulfill itself,' as my character, Saint Sebastian, says, and human hands must make an end to my life."

'Let me tell you a little war story that D'Annunzio has only revealed to a few of his best friends. One night during the War a small Italian torpedo boat penetrated the harbor of Buccari, in which many big Austrian vessels of war lay at anchor. D'Annunzio was a member of the expedition. Somehow or other the little torpedo boat with its handful of men on board succeeded in making its way past the ships guarding the harbor. But as soon as it had accomplished this manœuvre the sailors, who up to then had shown the utmost courage, were seized with indecision. In spite of D'Annunzio's energetic commands they were on the point of giving up the whole enterprise and returning without attacking a single Austrian vessel. Suddenly, in the dark silence, the song of a nightingale broke forth. D'Annunzio turned to the crew and said, "See, that is Austrian soil, but listen to the nightingale. Even here he sings in Italian." Tears poured down the cheeks of the crew and they did their duty.

'Of great curiosity and unusual interest are the manuscripts that D'Annunzio wrote during the period of his blindness. He had been wounded and was forced to spend a long time in a dark room, quite unable to see. Nevertheless, he wanted to write and long strips of paper were given him for this purpose. On each strip he wrote a few lines, but his eyes could not see the words. These strips of paper contain many of his most beautiful thoughts.'

'Can you, Madame, tell me in a single sentence how you would describe D'Annunzio, this man who of all living people is the most discussed and perhaps the least understood?'

Madame Ida Rubinstein reflected and then she answered me clearly and decisively, 'I can describe him with the words that Napoleon used for Goethe, "*Voilà un homme.*"'

Stalin, the Bear

By Stéphane Lauzanne

Translated from *Le Matin*, Paris Independent Nationalist Daily

'He is a man of middle height whose face is an Oriental mask underlined by a short black mustache. He generally wears a gray jacket and walks slowly, waddling like a bear. He speaks but little and never confides his secret thoughts to anybody. Nor does he often reveal his ordinary ideas or impressions even to his immediate followers. He pos-

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sesses to a high degree the capacity to preserve silence, which is certainly an original one in a country where everybody talks too much. When he speaks he never says what he thinks. There is an adage that "Language was given to man to disguise his thought." But Stalin's case is even more complicated. Language was given to him to prevent people from knowing whether or not he has any thoughts at all.'

Who traced this sketch of the present master of all the Russias? A Russian, Boris Bajanov, who has just published in the pages of the *Revue de France* an article that often recalls the style of Tacitus. Boris Bajanov is not an apostate from Bolshevism. He served it only in order to gain a better understanding at close range. Originally appointed secretary of the famous Politbureau, which is the real government in modern Russia, he was later made an adjutant of comrade Stalin, and every day for six years he watched the sinister silhouettes of the great Soviet chiefs as they moved about their leader. He saw them at liberty, if one may use such an expression, watching them as they took council together and as they sat behind their desks. To-day, he describes them as he saw them and the description is as striking as it is terrifying.

What seems to dominate his recollection is the hatred they all felt for each other, a hatred like that of wolves who are more eager to spring at each other's throats than to devour sheep. Stalin hates Trotzki more than he does any mere bourgeois and if Trotzki should ever return to power he would kill Stalin with his own hands before two hours had passed. Indeed, he said this to Stalin's face at the memorable meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party at the close of 1927.

'If my friends and I return to power we shall do what Clemenceau did, but with this difference. Clemenceau was content to seize power, but we shall shoot every one of you. Yes, that's what we'll do. As for you, you would like nothing better than to shoot us, but you don't dare. We shall dare, for that will be the indispensable condition of our victory.'

But when Stalin emerged triumphant from this struggle he did not shoot Trotzki. That is not his style, for he is only a bear, not a tiger. He makes people disappear in the Oriental fashion without leaving a trace behind and he eschews the dagger. Since Trotzki was suffering from cancer of the stomach Stalin was content to have him deported to a frightful corner of Asia, thinking that he would die there. But he was mistaken, for Trotzki lived and was then exiled to a country where the agents of the G. P. U. never lose sight of him. The other thing that most impressed Boris Bajanov was the lamentable mediocrity of all the masters of red Russia with the exception of Lenin. Molotov, Stalin's right hand man, the second pillar of strength in the Bolshevist cause and the director of the famous Communist International, is an ignoramus unable to write four lines with his own hand. Rykov, up to yesterday presi-

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dent of the Council of People's Commissars, is a stuttering alcoholic. Voroshilov, generalissimo of the Red Army, is a ridiculous marionette who says 'Amen' to whatever is told him. Bondenni, commandant of the Red Cavalry and a popular idol, is a former lodging-house keeper, and when his commander on the general staff asks him some tactical or strategic question he can only reply, 'That's your business; mine is using the sabre.'

AS FOR Stalin, he says nothing, reads nothing, and makes it an invariable rule to follow the opinion of the majority. 'At the meetings of the Politbureau,' writes M. Bajanov, 'I always had the impression that Stalin was much more inclined to follow events than to direct them. During discussions he would keep silent and listen attentively. He never gave his opinion until the debate was over and then would propose in a few words as if it were his own idea the solution on which the majority of his assistants had already agreed. For that reason his opinion was ordinarily adopted.'

But though he speaks little he observes a great deal and sees things that escape the attention of others. Consider, for instance, the Frounzé affair. In 1925, Frounzé had become director of the Red Ministry of War and was one of the most enigmatic characters in Russia. Everyone wondered whether he was preparing a *coup d'état* and indeed such a possibility seemed extremely likely. But he was so clever and such an expert at dissimulation that even the most jealous eye could detect nothing. Little by little he had eliminated all the Communist leaders, even the people's commissar. He had dismissed three-quarters of the soldiers who had fought in the civil wars and replaced them with peasants who were uncontaminated by politics. Yet he kept up appearances so marvelously that no one in the Politbureau saw anything except Stalin, who understood and divined all that was happening from the depths of his office.

Observing that Frounzé was sick, he sent for him one day and begged him in the name of the army and the nation to let himself be operated on or at least to be examined. In his solicitude he went so far as to offer the services of his personal surgeon. Frounzé, after some hesitation, allowed this to happen and died under the knife. The doctors' reports stated that the condition of the patient's heart was such that it could not withstand the effects of chloroform. He was buried with tremendous pomp and Stalin was a member of the guard of honor that stood at his catafalque. He commanded that Frounzé's name be given to the academy directed by the general staff.

Clearly, it is well to look out for this bear, for like all bears he is a wicked animal.

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Desmond MacCarthy, the editor of *Life and Letters*, knew Henry James intimately for fifteen years and on the basis of this friendship he reconstructs for us a world whose charm will never die.

The World *of* Henry James

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Monthly

MR. E. F. BENSON has published a short selection of Henry James's letters to Arthur Benson (Elkin Mathews). He says in his preface: 'Those who had the privilege of hearing him [Henry James] talk recognize when they read his letters his authentic, living voice, even as those who are soaked in the style of his later books salute in them the handling and habit of his letters. All three are one and they are all he; and all, after this conversion, are his natural mode of expression. He had hewed out this new style, and it took possession of him in spoken word, in letter-writing, and in his books.'

In Henry James's later letters his voice is audible. Nor is this surprising, for his letters were often dictated, and his conversation, in its search for the right word, its amplifications, hesitations, and interpolated afterthoughts, resembled dictation. This sounds portentous, not to say boring; indeed, it was at times embarrassing. But—and this made all the difference—he was fascinating. The spell he exercised by his style was exercised in his conversation. Phrases of abstruse, exaggerated drollery or of the last intellectual elegance flowered in it profusely. At first you might feel rather conscience-stricken for having set in motion, perhaps by a casual question, such tremendous mental machinery. It seemed really too bad to have put him to such trouble, made him work and weigh his words like that, and if, through the detestable habit of starting any topic rather than be silent, you had broached one in which you were not interested, you might be well punished. There was something at once so painstaking, serious, and majestical in the pro-

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cedure of his mind that you shrank from diverting it, and thus the whole of your little precious time with him might be wasted. How often this happened in my case during our fifteen years' acquaintance! I still regret those bungled opportunities.

In conversation he could not help giving his best, the stereotyped and perfunctory being abhorrent to him. Each talk was thus a fresh adventure, an opportunity of discovering for himself what he thought about books and human beings. His respect for his subject was only equaled, one noticed, by his respect for that delicate, deliberate instrument for recording and comparing impressions, his own mind. He absolutely refused to hustle it, and his conversational manner was largely composed of reassuring and soothing gestures intended to allay, or anticipate, signs of impatience. The sensation of his hand on my shoulder in our pausing rambles together was, I felt, precisely an exhortation to patience. 'Wait,' that reassuring pressure seemed to be humorously saying, 'wait. I know, my dear fellow, you are getting fidgety, but wait—and we shall enjoy together the wild pleasure of discovering what "Henry James" thinks of this matter—for my part, I dare not hurry him!'

His possession of this kind of double consciousness was one of the first characteristics one noticed. Often we would both seem to be waiting, palpitating with the same curiosity, for the ultimate verdict. At such moments the working of his mind used to fascinate me, as though I were watching an hydraulic engine through a window, its great smooth wheel and shining piston moving with ponderous ease through a vitreous dusk. The confounding thing was that the great machine could be set in motion by putting a penny in the slot. And, alas! one often had only halfpennies in one's pocket!

SUCH was Henry James the talker. Henry James the writer is still with us; I propose to attempt to find his formula. He was a conscious artist, who knew more clearly than most English novelists what he wished to do and how he must set about it. His books were therefore themes for critics who were anxious to convince a generation, persuaded to the contrary by many dazzling achievements in an opposite manner, that fiction need not be formless, and that a novelist's mastery is shown in unfolding a situation to which every incident contributes. To Henry James the novel was not a hold-all into which any valuable observations and reflections can be stuffed, nor was it merely peptonized experience. He was an artist and a creator.

Of course the world he created bore a vital relation to experience, as all fiction must if it is to bewitch and move us; but the characters in that world, in whose fate and emotions he interested us, existed in a medium which was not the atmosphere we ordinarily breathe. That medium was his own mind. Just as there is a world called 'Dickens,' another called 'Balzac,' so there is a world called 'Henry James.' When we speak of the 'reality' of such worlds it only means that we have been successfully beguiled. We are really paying homage to the shaping imagination of a creator. How independent of the actual world, and how dependent for their vitality upon

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the world in which they are set, characters in fiction are, becomes clear the moment we imagine a character moved from one imaginary world into another. If Pecksniff were transplanted into *The Golden Bowl*, he would become extinct; and how incredible would 'the Dove' be in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit!*

The same holds good of characters constructed piecemeal from observation when introduced into a world created by an overflow of imagination. They become solecisms: either they kill the book or the book kills them. The unforgivable artistic fault in a novelist is failure to maintain tone. In this respect Henry James never failed. His characters always belonged to his own world, and his world was always congruous with his characters. What sort of a world was it? And what were its relations to our common experience which made it interesting? The answers to these two questions, which the work of every creative artist prompts, need not be separated. The answer to the one will suggest the answer to the other.

It is important to emphasize Henry James's world-creating power, because, in every novelist who possesses it, that is the most important faculty. Yet in his case it has often been overlooked. Critics have found in his work so much else to interest them—his style, his methods, his subtlety. From their comments it might be supposed that his main distinction lay in being a psychologist, or an observer, or an inventor of a fascinating but—so some thought—an indefensible style. Yet to regard him primarily as an observer or psychologist or as a maker of phrases is not only to belittle him, but to make the mistake we made when first Ibsen came into our ken.

It seems hardly credible that we should have taken Ibsen for a realist, but we did. Despite his rat-wife, wild duck, towers, and ice churches; despite the strange intensity of his characters, which alone might have put us on the right track; despite the deep-sea pressure of the element in which they had their being, and the perverse commonness of the objects which surrounded them,—as of things perceived in some uncomfortable dream,—Ibsen's battle was fought under the banner of realism. Because his characters threw such a vivid light on human nature and our predicaments we mistook them for photographs. And yet we knew all the time what we meant by 'an Ibsen character' as clearly as we knew what 'a Dickens character' meant. The fact that we can also be understood when we speak of a 'Henry James character' is a proof that his imagination, too, was essentially creative.

Most great novelists have given to their creations an excess of some faculty predominant in themselves. Thus Meredith's characters are filled to an unnatural degree with the beauty and courage of life, while Balzac gives to his a treble dose of will and appetite. The men and women in Henry James's novels, the stupid as well as the intelligent, show far subtler powers of perception than such men and women actually have. It was only by exaggerating, consciously or unconsciously, that quality in them that he could create a world that satisfied his imagination. With this exception his work is full of delicately observed actualities. His men and women are neither more heroic nor single-hearted, nor

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more base, than real people, and, granted their superior thought-reading faculties and the concentration of their curiosity upon each other, events follow one another in his stories as they would in real life. The reader may sometimes find himself saying, 'No one without corroborative evidence would act on such a far-fetched guess as that'; but he will never find himself saying (granted the subtlety of these people), 'That is not the way things happen.'

Whether his characters are children of leisure and pleasure, jaded journalists, apathetic or wily disreputables, hard working or dilatory artists, they are all incorrigibly preoccupied with human nature; with watching their own emotions and the complex, shifting relations and intimate dramas around them. There is a kind of collected self-consciousness and clairvoyance about them all: they watch, they feel, they compare notes. There is hardly a minor character in his later books, not a butler or a telegraph clerk, who, if he opens his lips twice, does not promptly show the makings of a gossip of genius. There are other generalizations to be made about the people of Henry James's world equally important, but this is the most comprehensive. For the critic this peculiarity has a claim to priority, not on æsthetic grounds, but because it leads to the centre of his subject: what, in Henry James's case, was the determining impulse which made him create the particular world he did?

In that astonishing record of imaginative adventure, *The American Scene*, he continually refers to himself as the 'restless analyst,' speaking of himself as a man 'hag-ridden by the twin demons of observation and imagination.' The master faculty of Henry James was this power of analyzing his impressions, of going into them not only far, but, as they say in Norse fairy tales, 'far and farther than far.' Indeed, there are only three other novelists whom a passion for finality in research and statement has so beset, for whom the assurance that everything that there was to be said had indeed been at any rate attempted was the sole condition of a Sabbath's rest: Proust, whom Henry James did not live to read, and Balzac (with whom the later Henry James had more sympathy than any other fellow craftsman), and Dostoievski. The last two were very different men from himself, laboring in other continents. Dostoievski's subject is always the soul of man, and ultimately its relation to God; his deepest study is man alone with his soul.

In Henry James, on the contrary, the same passion of research is directed to the social side of man's nature, his relations to his fellow men. The universe and religion are as completely excluded from his books as if he had been an eighteenth-century writer. The sky above his people, the earth beneath them, contain no mysteries for them. He is careful never to permit them to interrogate these. Mr. Chesterton has called Henry James a mystic; the truth is that he is perhaps the least mystical of all writers who have ever concerned themselves with the inner life. It is not the mystical (mysticism would have shattered his world) which attracts him, but a very different thing, the mysterious: namely, whatever in life fascinates by being hidden, ambiguous, illusive, and hard to understand. And this brings us again

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straight up to the question of his directing impulse as an artist.

IT was an impulse to conceive the world in a light which (a religious interpretation of man's nature being excluded) would give most play to his master faculties of investigation. It was a desire, or rather a necessity, to see people in such a way as made them, their emotions, and their relations to each other inexhaustible subjects for the exploring mind. A single formula for a writer is justly suspect; but entertain this one for a moment on approval. It may prove to be 'the pattern in the carpet.'

In the first place, it explains his choice of themes. His long career was a continual search for more and more recondite and delicate ones. He begins with cases of conscience, in which, however, already the shades seemed fine to his contemporaries, and in which verdicts depended upon evidence not always visible to 'twelve good men and true.' The formula explains his early fondness—long before he had found a method of constructing a world of recondite possibilities—of ending with that substitute for mystery, the note of interrogation. It explains also his excitement in discovering Europe, especially the discovery of those secluded corners of European society where dark deposits of experience might be postulated without extravagance. (In *his* America everything was depressingly obvious.) It explains his passionate interest in the naïve consciousness of his Americans when confronted with people with more complex standards and traditions. Did they or did they not understand? It explains his late interest in children, in whom it is puzzling to fix the moment of dawning comprehension.

It explains his marked preference for faithful failure as a subject over the soon exhausted interest of success. It explains in a measure his comparative lack of interest in the life of the senses (there is no mystery in the senses compared with the mind); also his efforts to keep in the background, so that they might gather an impenetrable portentousness, crude facts, professions, adulteries, swindles, and even murders, which nevertheless, for the sake of the story, had sometimes to go through the empty form of occurring in his books. It explains the attraction a magnificently privileged class had for his art, his 'Olympians,' whose surroundings allowed latitude to the supposition of a wonderfully richer consciousness. It explains the almost total exclusion from his world of specimens of laboring humanity, to whom no such complexity can be with any plausibility attributed—a dustman in the world of Henry James is an inconceivable monster.

It accounts, too, for the blemishes in his books; his refusal to admit that such a thing as a molehill *can* exist for a man with eyes in his head, and (how it seems to fit!) for his reluctance, even when occasion demanded it, to call a spade anything so dull and unqualified as a spade. It explains the fascination of his style, which conveyed amazingly the excitement of a quest, the thrill of approaching some final precision of statement. And, above all, it explains why he came to endow his men and women with more and more of his own penetration, tenderness, and scrupulousness, till at last he created a

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world worthy of his own master faculty, in which human beings, when confronted, saw mysteries in each other's gestures, and profundities in each other's words, and took joy in each other's insight like brave antagonists in each other's strength; a world in which they could exclaim about each other that they were 'wonderful' and 'beautiful,' where they belonged to each other, or fought each other, on levels of intimacy which had never been described before.

The words which he found to describe the characters in this world whom he loved are unrivaled for revealing delicacy. His method is to present them to us through some other character dowered with his own power of appreciation. Mrs. Stringham in *The Wings of the Dove* is, for instance, the medium through which we first catch a glimpse of Milly. Mrs. Stringham is first conscious of the immense, rich, extravagant background of New York from which Milly springs, and of which 'the rare creature was the final flowering'; next, of 'a high, dim, charming, ambiguous oddity which was even better' in Milly herself, who seemed, on top of all that, to enjoy boundless freedom, the freedom of the wind in the desert. 'It was unspeakably touching to be so equipped and yet to have been reduced by fortune to little humble-minded mistakes. . . . She had arts and idiosyncrasies of which no great account could have been given, but which were a daily grace if you lived with them; such as the art of being almost tragically impatient and yet making it light as air; of being inexplicably sad and yet making it clear as noon; of being unmistakably gay and yet making it as soft as dusk.'

Although his world is peopled with subtler men and women than any other novelist's, the crown does not go to the clever. It is tempting to describe him as an inveterate moralist, who, finding ordinary scales too clumsy to weigh finer human qualities, employs instead æsthetic weights and measures. The consequent reversal of the verdict was one of his favorite themes. 'There are no short cuts,' he seemed to say, 'to being beautiful; to be beautiful you must be really good.' He made us understand better the meaning of intimacy and the beauty of goodness.

When I say 'us,' I am thinking of my own generation when we discovered him. We young ones, at any rate, read him, apart from our delight in his phrases and metaphors, for his substance, for precisely that side of his work which appears now to be wearing thin. Our generation, at least that part of it with which I was best acquainted and most at home, was interested in those parts of experience which could be regarded as ends in themselves. Morality was either a means to attaining these goods of the soul or it was nothing—just as the railway system existed to bring people together and to feed them, or the social order that as many 'ends' as possible should be achieved. These ends naturally fined themselves down to personal relations, æsthetic emotions, and the pursuit of truth. We were perpetually in search of distinctions; our most ardent discussions were attempts to fix some sort of a scale of values for experience. The tendency was for the stress to fall on feeling rightly rather than upon action. It would be an exaggeration to say we cared not a sprat either for causes

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or our own careers (appetite in both directions comes with eating, and we had barely begun to nibble), but those interests were subordinate.

Henry James was above all a novelist of distinctions; he was, indeed, the master in fiction of the art of distinguishing. His philosophy amounted to this: to appreciate exquisitely was to live intensely. We suspected, I remember, that he overvalued subtlety as an ingredient in character and was perhaps too 'social' in his standards, employing, for instance, 'charm' too often as the last test of character. But whether or not we always agreed with his estimate of values, he was preëminently interested in what interested us; that is to say, in disentangling emotions, in describing their appropriate objects, and in showing in what subtle ways friendships might be exquisite, base, exciting, dull, or droll. That his characters were detached from the big, common, struggling world, that its vague murmur floated in so faintly through their windows, that they moved and had their being in an environment entirely composed of personal relations, æsthetic emotions, and historic associations, seemed to us unimportant limitations to his art. Nor were we particularly interested in the instincts or the will compared with the play of the intelligence. What was the will but a means, a servant? Or the instincts but the raw stuff out of which the imagination molded a life worth contemplating?

It still seems to me, on the whole, a sound philosophy; only the fiction which reflects these things to exclusion of all else now appears to me to shut out much which is both more absorbing and more important than I once supposed—also even to falsify the flavor of those very experiences on which it exclusively dwells.

I HAVE described Henry James's youthful audience during those years when his books in his later manner were appearing, because such a description indicates the angle from which his work must always appear important. He cared immensely for spiritual decency; nothing in life beguiled him into putting anything before that. He had a tender heart, an even more compassionate imagination, but a merciless eye.

I knew him for over fifteen years, but I only saw him at long intervals. In spite of admiration and curiosity I left our meetings entirely to chance, for I soon discovered two daunting facts about him. Firstly, that he was easily bored (not merely in an ordinary but in an excruciating sense of the word), and secondly that he minded intensely the dislocations and disappointments which are inevitable in all human relations. They made him groan and writhe and worry. The measure of how much he minded them could be read in the frequency, extravagance, and emphasis of his signals that all was really well, across even those small rifts (to him they had the horror of gulfs) which absence and accident open up between people.

Many have not understood the elaborate considerateness which is so marked in his correspondence. As I read Henry James, it was his sense both of the gulf between human beings and the difficulty of bridging it which made him abound in such reassurances. His manner of receiving you expressed an anxiety (sometimes

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comic in desperate thoroughness of intention) to show you that whatever might have happened in the interval, on his side, at least, the splinters had kept new and fine; so that, if your half of the tally was in a similar condition, the two would dovetail at touch. I have seen him keep a lady in a paralyzed condition for five minutes while he slowly recalled everything about her. And if your talk with him had been something of a failure, his farewell expressed that what you had wanted, yet failed to get, he had also wanted, and that nothing must blind you to his recognition of any affection or admiration you might be so generous as to feel for 'your old Henry James.'

I imagine being interrupted here by a pointed question: 'But did not this agitated anxiety to signal defeat its own end and make complications?' It often did so; just as some of his letters, long as they are, were sometimes almost entirely composed of signals and gestures. But to many sensitive natures who find the world only too full of callous, offhand people, this exquisite and agitated recognition of their own identity and of their relation to himself was a delightful refreshment. He himself was clearly one of the most sensitive of men. The importance to him of urbanity, money, privacy, lay in the fact that they were salves. His art was a refuge to him as well as the purpose of his life. The brutality and rushing confusion of the world, where the dead are forgotten, old ties cynically snapped, old associations disregarded, where one generation tramples down the other, where the passions are blind, and men and women are satisfied with loves and friendships which are short, common, and empty, horrified him.

I picture him as flying with frightened eyes and stopped ears from that City of Destruction, till the terrified bang of his sanctuary door leaves him palpitating but safe; free to create a world which he could people with beings who had leisure and the finest faculties for comprehending and appreciating each other, where the reward of goodness was the recognition of its beauty and the past was not forgotten. His sense of the past—of the social world's, of his own—which he recorded with a subtle actuality and piety never excelled in autobiography—was almost the deepest sense in him. Such reverence for human emotions is usually associated with the religious sense, but that is singularly absent from his work. While we read his books only the great dome of civilization is above our heads—never the sky—and under our feet its party-colored mosaic—never the earth. All that those two words, 'sky' and 'earth,' stand for in metaphor is absent.

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An Australian adventurer writes to a friend in England, describing his life as a rum-runner on Lake Ontario. Colloquial and outspoken, his words might well be pondered by Mr. George W. Wickersham's Law Enforcement Commission.

The Log *of a* Bootlegger

By LEONARD MARSLAND

From the *Daily Telegraph*
London Conservative Daily

[*This article, which describes the thrills of bootlegging on the Great Lakes in a style no less graphic because it makes few pretensions to literary grace, is by an Australian who found its risks and adventures the 'greatest sport in the world.' Still only twenty-five years of age, Marsland is an ex-midshipman of the Australian Navy, and, after traveling the Seven Seas in ocean liners and tramps, he went to the Antarctic in last year's expedition with the 'Discovery.' This article is part of a long letter to an English friend, and it is reproduced without alteration of its colloquial style.*]

WOULD you believe it? I am now a fully fledged, umbrella-carrying, 8.15-train, bowler-hat clerk. Can you beat it? I haven't quite reached the umbrella stage yet, but I'm on the right way for it, and I've been praying for sufficient courage to buy one and to use it. There is no train to catch either, as I live right on the job, but I had to put that in. For that matter, bowler hats are not worn here either, but anyway, I *am* a clerk, even if I haven't got the trimmings.

I suppose you 're wondering how in the name of deaf and dumb bos'ns I managed to get the job, and, what is far more wonderful, hold it down. Well, it was this way. You know, of course, that I got a job on an Atlantic liner as Q.M. Well, one day I was doing a bit of fancy cross-pointing on the *Ascania*, when some chap, a first-class passenger, wandered up and started watching. Of course, they all do that, but this fellow seemed more or less interested, so I got yapping to him.

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He started the ball rolling by asking me where I had learned to cross-point, which gave me a bit of a shock, as there are not many first-class passengers who can tell the difference between a steward and a real man, much less name any fancy work correctly.

Well, I put on the usual air when talking to passengers (old sea-dog stuff; they expect it, you know), and murmured something about a windjammer I was in. 'Oh,' he said, 'you were in sail? Rather young, are n't you?' That always gets me wild, so I went to great length to explain that all the windjammers *did n't* die out with Nelson. Anyway, he seemed to know too much altogether about wind ships, so I thought I'd better get in a few questions.

It turned out that he had served his time and had a second mate's square-rigged ticket. That altered things considerably. We became pretty good pals after that, and used to yap about all sorts of things, principally the difference between the ocean liner and other tram cars and windjammers.

Well, one day I told him that, according to my idea, the sea was only good for bathing in. I had just come from the wheel, and she had been steering like a stack of hay, and I was as wild as seven bells with things in general. Well, as soon as I made that remark he asked me if I knew anything about motor-launches. As I was just going down for a smoke I told him to hang on a minute and hopped below and got some of my references. The one I had from the *Discovery* filled the bill, as I had run the motor-launch when we were down in the ice, and the old man had very thoughtfully mentioned the fact in a very nice way.

He then asked me if I would like a job running a launch capable of doing fifty miles per hour, on Lake Ontario. Would I? I carefully laid my ears back and rushed it. When we got to Montreal I went up to the mate and asked to be paid off. He refused, so that night I gathered up my tents and silently stole away.

I left a worn-out toothbrush in the ship, but that was all. I even got my discharge book, without any entry in it concerning the liner at all, by dropping a $2 bill in front of one of the flunkies who cleaned out the purser's office.

THE next morning I was in Toronto. I wandered up to see the boss right away. Well, that afternoon he took me down to see his launch. She was a long, low, narrow-gutted thing painted a dirty gray, with only a small wheelhouse right forward for superstructure. Hum, I thought, queer kind of pleasure craft.

Well, we went below. She had three big Liberty aircraft motors. I savvied plenty then. He then wanted to know if I thought I could run her. I could, I told him, with an engineer, as I was n't going to fool around with any aëroplane motors and maybe make a mess of things just when we wanted some speed, and plenty of it.

He woke up at that, and decided that we might as well get down to brass tacks. He offered me $50 a trip, with an extra $50 every time I was chased and managed to get it in, in spite of the Yank patrol boats. Well, in all we made seventeen trips and were chased six times, four times having come home without delivering the goods.

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It's the greatest sport in the world. You can't realize just what a kick a chap gets out of it, perched up in the bow in a nice snug wheelhouse going like a scalded cat. And could n't she go. All out, with a full cargo of five or six hundred cases, we could manage a steady forty-eight to fifty. It gives a chap all sorts of thrills to be slipping in to the Yank side on a nice dark night with maybe a bit of fog around, and then to be chased by some old crock of a patrol boat.

Up to quite recently the patrol boats could n't do more than forty at the outside, and I've often let one see me intentionally when I was coming back empty (we could do close on sixty, empty), just for the fun of being chased. One night when we picked up an extra load of juice for the return trip and had full tanks, I went looking for some of 'em, and was chased by three of the blighters. They must have been wild when they compared notes.

We used to slip out of here at about eight P.M., slide across the lake at about ten knots so the engines would not make any row, and arrive at our landing stage about midnight. We'd meet a chap about three miles out in the lake from the Yank shore who was supposed to be fishing, find out from him if it was all clear, and, if so, idle into the jetty and load it on to trucks. The jetty was up a little creek, and if the trucks were n't down we'd shove it in a barn belonging to a farmer in the pay of the boss.

Of course, we never had any trouble with the shore prohibition agents, as they were all well bribed to keep out of the way, but the patrol launches used to move us on occasionally. You see, they could n't bribe them, as they are constantly shifting from lake to lake, and we never knew just who would be around the night we wanted to run our lot.

Well, this went on for a considerable time until about three weeks ago. We went out as usual that night and got within about ten miles of the Yank side when a patrol spotted us. I had spotted him about ten minutes beforehand, and had swung round so as to get our stern right on to him to make us less conspicuous and also to make a poor target if he did happen to see us. We were getting away from him nicely when the mechanic, whom I had insisted on having for safety, came up on deck aft and lit a cigarette. I yelled at the fool, but it was too late.

Apparently, they'd finished their forty winks on the patrol launch and were again looking to see what they could run in to. She sounded her siren and I opened the throttle. She fired a couple of shots but they went wide and I started to zigzag. We gained a bit on her, but the zigzagging cut down our speed too much, so I straightened out and let her have it. Our old girl just walked away from her.

I decided to take the patrol for a run up the lake a bit, shake her off and then hop back and drop our load. As soon as we got out of range I eased down a bit so they would n't be discouraged, let 'em come up on us, and then walked away from them again. I kept this up for about twenty miles or so and then I thought it was time to lose him.

I just opened out, walked away from him, slid round in a circle (the fool did n't know enough to stop and listen for our engines), and beat it, stopping occasionally for the first fifteen miles or so to listen for him. We lost him all right, so I thought it

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was safe enough to go in to the jetty. I then went looking for the fisherman, but could n't find him, so I thought that perhaps he'd heard the firing from the patrol launch and had decided that we would not be in that night. Anyhow, I headed up the creek.

We had just got up to the jetty and swung round ready for a flying start in case anything should go wrong when I spotted our old friend the patrol launch coming up the creek about a quarter of a mile away. There was only one thing for it, and that was to try a dash right past him. I opened her out and headed straight for him.

He started to swing across the creek, either to block our way or because perhaps the man at the wheel did n't relish the idea of about six tons of wood and metal coming for him at 40 miles per hour and was n't paying attention to his steering. Whatever it was, when he saw if he did n't get out of the way he'd get hit good and hard, he straightened out. I kept heading for him, my idea being to pass so close alongside him that he would not be able to depress his machine gun sufficiently to fire on us when we were abeam of him.

It did n't take us long to get up to him, but it was as funny as a piece of string watching the stir I was creating aboard him. They had panicked properly, and there were people running around all over the deck. I saw one fellow run across the beam of his searchlight with a life belt in his hand. This was all to the good, I thought, and I hoped that they'd stay in that frame of mind until I passed him. But no, some mutt with a little more sense than the rest started one of his machine guns going. All this took only very little time, but I'm not likely to forget it for some considerable time. I don't think I've ever had the wind up so badly. I could feel my knees going all weak, and I had an awful feeling in my stomach.

Well, anyway, we got up to him, and I steered right up alongside him. We were so close that the waves we were making were chucked back from him and darned near washed the mechanic overboard. He was lying down aft waiting to hop overboard when we hit, so he told me after. I was lying down on the deck with the wheelhouse between me and the patrol launch, and was steering by pulling the wire backward and forward which ran from the wheel to the tiller.

We got past all right, and just as we were about twenty feet away from him he let go with his after machine gun. I could hear the bullets plunking into the boat, and, believe me, I did some fast and furious praying. Well, that was all right, and I knew that he would not be able to turn in the creek. I rather hoped he would try, though, because he was sure to go ashore if he did. However, he did n't, as just before we rounded the point I looked over my shoulder and could see that he was still heading upstream, so he must have been going astern.

WE got out of the creek, and I thought that, as we were most likely leaking from bullet holes, I had better not waste any more time, but should beat it for home and glory.

Just then the so-very-efficient mechanic came in the wheelhouse and said that our motor-boat was making a lot of water in the well of the engines. She was not fitted with a pump worked

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by the motor, but had a small valve in the bottom of the boat which was to be unscrewed when the boat was under way. The forward motion of the boat prevented any water coming in but allowed the water to run out.

I told him to go aft and unscrew it. He came back and said that it was covered in with cases of Scotch. The best thing to do, I thought, was to dump the Scotch, and just then the midship engine stopped. It was situated farther aft than the other two, and, as the old girl used to stand on her tail when she was going all out, the water was deeper round it than round the others. I told him to go down and start it again, and began to dump the Scotch.

Things began to look serious now, because, with one engine dead and the boat half full of water, we would be an easy mark for the patrol launch. I decided that in a straightaway race over the lake he'd catch us in less than no time, so I thought that the best thing to do was to keep in as close to the shore as possible, in the hope that he'd follow, and, as he was much bigger than us, would run ashore before we did.

I'd dump a case of Scotch, curse the patrol launch, put her on her course again, steering with the steering cables, dump some more Scotch, curse the mechanic, and so on. By and by he came aft again from the engine room with the cheerful news that the flywheel of the midship engine had thrown water all over the magneto and he could n't start the engine until he got it dry. I told him to never mind about that, but to help me dump some Scotch.

We were both going at it flat out, so we did n't take long to get down to the valve. I opened it, and after a while it lightened her up considerably. That was all right, but we could n't get away from the patrol launch on two engines and a full cargo, so I decided to dump the rest of the stuff. We were going along in great style, and as we had a pretty fair start on the patrol launch, owing to him having to come down the creek astern, I began to feel pretty hopeful.

And then! I had a case of Scotch in my hands at the time, and I was brought up on the deck about ten feet farther forward than I was a moment ago. We had fallen into the trap I'd laid for the patrol launch, and we were well and truly ashore. As the engines were pushing her further on all the time, I dashed forward to the wheelhouse, switched her off, and then sat down in a hurry. I felt as if about fifteen knives had been jabbed into my chest.

What had happened, as I found out afterward, was that when I was chucked forward by the shock of our hitting the sand bank I'd landed nursing the case of Scotch, and the sharp side of it had busted two ribs. I did n't know that at the time, though, or I might have chucked up the sponge then and there. Well, I managed to get up again, and grabbed a boathook and tried to push the old girl off. It was no use, and as there was only one boathook, and the patrol launch was coming up flat out, I decided it was time to abandon ship. The mechanic, poor fish, wanted to start scrapping with the patrol launch, as we had a couple of rifles aboard, but I would n't let him.

I knew it was only a five-hundred-dollar fine for bootlegging, and maybe the electric chair if we hit anybody,

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and, anyway, it did n't seem sporty to try and shoot some chap who was only doing his job. And, besides, I don't think two rifles could do much against a couple of machine guns. I chucked 'em overboard, to prevent the mechanic getting any more of his brain waves, and also so that there would be absolutely no evidence against us apart from that of bootlegging if we were caught.

I then told him to hop overboard and make for the shore. He said he could n't swim and he was n't game to trust the sand bank reaching to the shore, but he told me to go ahead. I did n't wait to argue, but went. Holy Moses, was n't that water cold! I kicked my shoes off, and then it struck me that if I swam under water I might get clear altogether, as when the patrol launch found that there was one fellow aboard our launch they might think there were no others and push off without troubling to search ashore.

I therefore took a deep breath . . . and promptly blew it out again. I could n't hold enough wind to swim underwater, as my chest was too sore, so I swam with a nice slow breast stroke. It was only a couple of hundred yards, but it seemed like that many miles.

WELL, I got to the shore eventually, and then climbed a tree and watched what happened. Apparently they had n't spotted me, and when they passed a towline to our launch to tow her off, I thought I was safe enough. I decided to put plenty of distance between myself and the lake, but, Lord, was n't the going hard! You see, I only had thin socks on, and the stones certainly were plentiful.

I walked for a couple of miles, and then I spotted a truck in a little paddock with a tarpaulin over it. I was feeling rather done up by this time, so I crawled into it and dropped off almost at once, after taking out my money and spreading it out to dry. You see, we always carried a bit of American money, just in case something like this did happen. I had fifty dollars in ten-dollar bills, so I was O.K. so far as that was concerned.

I had n't the slightest idea where I was, but I was too tired and sore to worry. I only wanted to sleep, and I did. I woke in the morning hearing somebody hammering. It was the lad who drove the truck, so I hopped out the back and asked him where I was. He told me I was about ten miles from Rochester. We got yapping, and I could see he was wondering just who and what I was. Over here everybody thinks I have a very pronounced English accent (loud chuckles from the Byron) and the Yanks don't care much for an Englishman, so I thought I'd better shake a leg and dig up a good tale.

I told him I had been out sailing and the boat had capsized, and if I could get to Rochester I would be all right. He said he was going into Rochester as soon as he had fixed the truck, so I presented him with a ten-buck bill and we became great friends.

We got under way eventually, and the first shop we passed I got him to get out and buy me a pair of shoes. The fool bought me a pair of sand shoes about size ten or so, miles too big for me, but I did get something for my $10 anyway.

Then we got right into Rochester, but as I had no passport or anything I was wondering how in the devil I

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was going to get back to Toronto, but anyhow, I decided I'd walk down to the dock on the chance of something's turning up. I walked around for about an hour, and then I met a chap whom I had met in Toronto. He was a Q.M. on a ferry running across from Toronto to the various small towns round the lake.

Saved, I thought. I promptly asked if he could work it so that I could get back to Toronto without a passport. 'Sure,' he said. All I had to do was to walk up the gangway behind him, and as I was dressed only in a shirt and trousers, the customs and immigration officials mistook me for one of the crew, as we had hoped. I was aboard, and the next thing was to get clear of any officers who might be knocking around.

He took me down to his cabin (one man, one room, in those ships), where I stayed until we arrived in Toronto about five hours later. As it was too risky to try and get through the gate, in case one of the officers might have been around when I tried to pass, I decided that some more swimming was indicated, so over I went. I swam round the end of the pier, where my cobber was waiting with a line to haul me out. He was a hero, that lad. I gave him the forty bucks I had left, and he had earned it.

As soon as I got out we made a dash for a taxi and went straight up to the boss's house. When he had recovered from the shock of losing his launch, and I was just about all in from the pain in my side, he suggested I should have a doctor. I was afraid of getting pneumonia, as I had the deuce of a cold from my dip the night before (these lakes are all fresh, as you know; I would n't have worried if they'd been salt), and the further ducking was n't going to help any.

Anyway, he made me undress, take a big shot of brandy, and get into bed until the quack came. When he came he told me what was wrong, but that was three weeks ago, and I am practically O.K. now.

I AM now on light duty—private secretary to Toronto's biggest and best bootlegger. I'm going to hold this job down until next spring, when the new launch will be ready, and then I intend to carry on with the running until I get sufficient cash in the bank and I have enough to pay for a complete commercial course of flying at some school here or in the States.

There are lots of opportunities over here, especially in the far north, and the money is awfully good. Of course, there is always the possibility of getting caught, but then the fine is only five hundred dollars, and the boss pays that. I don't suppose you will approve in the least of all this, but the way I look at it is different.

I get lots of fun out of it, both by running the launch and dodging the patrol (and you can't imagine just what a thrill it gives a chap to be chased all over the lake by the patrol and then just dodge 'em by the skin of your teeth), and if we did n't do it someone else would. And then I don't approve of Prohibition (not from a personal standpoint, as the only drink I've had since I've been in Canada was the one the boss gave me when he turned me in), and we don't run any crude alcohol.

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out from Scotland. Our stuff would n't hurt anybody in moderation, and at the price the customers have to pay for it they can't drink it in anything else but moderation. So I'm not worried about the morality of it.

It's a good, healthy life, too, and ever so much more interesting than going to sea. I have about $800 in the bank now and I'm going to pull out when I get $2,500, as that will be ample to pay for a full commercial course and also to keep me while I am going through with it.

By the way, there's a sequel. You remember my telling you that we hit a sand bank? Well, about three weeks after it happened, I read an account of it in a Yank paper, saying that the launch had sunk, and was believed to be a total wreck, and that because of that no effort would be made to raise her. What really happened was that she had filled up through the valve left open and had gone down by the stern and so slipped off the sand bank. We eventually got her up one day at dawn, and by stopping now and then and pumping managed to bring her into Toronto.

The boss, who thought we had been taken by a patrol launch, and had visions of having to pay for the boat we were using, nearly ran around in circles when I got home and told him what had happened. He immediately hopped in his car (I immediately hopped into bed) and rushed down to see her. He came back, and was so darned pleased that he presented me with two hundred bucks. I'm now thinking seriously of sinking her again —it's a paying business.

The Government here has recently passed a law prohibiting export of hooch, and we've had a pretty stiff job dodging it. It's bad enough to have to dodge at one end of the trip, let alone at both ends and in the middle, too. Next year I think we will operate from one of the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

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One of the foremost living Spanish writers surveys his fatherland and advocates giving encouragement to native industries and suppressing native bankers.

Speaking of SPAIN

By Ramón Pérez de Ayala

Translated from *El Sol*
Madrid Liberal Daily

An olive tree, though still a sapling, resembles a senate, a council of ancients. It is born with its head already silvered like those men, foretold by Hesiod, who in the fullness of time will emerge prematurely old from the womb. Its body and limbs are tortured; its fruit is bitter; but this tortured bitterness yields a densely smooth oil, and this oil gives a tranquil light. For the olive is an Hellenic tree, and a beloved emblem of Pallas Athene. Its fruit is light-giving as well as nutritious; indeed, it is intellectual, since a lighted lamp symbolizes wisdom and prudence. Moreover, the tortuous contraction of the olive tree suggests potential dynamic energy. The Greek athletes rubbed their bodies with its oil before their contests.

Spain is Hellenic because it cultivates this tree, and above all because the Greeks and Spaniards share many characteristics. One is their mutual tendency to subdivide into factions, a tendency that might be historically described as Greek, Roman, or even Iberian. Another Greco-Hispanic trait, or at least, Greco-Castilian, is *sophrosyne*, the spirit of prudence and moderation. Pericles said to the Athenians, 'A wholesome and respectful fear characterizes the political acts of our nation.' This same quality in Spaniards is often—and quite unjustly—attributed to indifference or political apathy. Prudence and moderation, wholesome and respectful fear may, of course, lead to that pernicious inhibition from which the Spanish people suffer when they find themselves forced to make vital decisions, and, on the other hand, opportunists take advantage of this caution to install themselves in power. Later, when they find that the public does not support them, they denounce the nation

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as apathetic, incurious, or hopeless, or else they call it fickle.

But Spain is not a fickle nation. Its most definite trait is its inherent sense of continuity, a kind of fidelity to itself, which may be excessive and may look like stagnation. The Spanish nation is not a pendulum swinging between two extremes. It never indulges in sudden paroxysms of public opinion, but changes slowly from within, and therefore its progress is hardly perceived, especially by those who govern it. In this respect Spain is the antithesis of France, which, according to Chateaubriand, advances like the knight on a chessboard, leaping from black to white and vice versa. This characteristic does not, however, prevent the French from considering themselves the Greeks of modern times, just as the English regard themselves as the modern Romans.

These two traits—the factional spirit, which was never so evident as in Greece and Spain, and the spirit of moderation—explain not a few of the peculiarities of our political life. Another trait, a capital defect of both Greeks and Spaniards, is their tendency to defame their native land. But, of all the attributes they share, covetousness is the most evil, and to it I shall devote this essay.

THE epitaphs of distinguished Greek citizens, although variously phrased, generally express a common sentiment: 'His country was ungrateful. His fellow citizens did not perceive his worth. He lived and died in ostracism.' I shall not say, because it is not true, that Spain has inflicted severe punishment on its best and wisest citizens, but it is true that they have usually been sentenced to a sort of sentimental, intellectual, and spiritual exile. In other words, the best men have rarely participated in the state councils or determined the political destinies of Spain. Although the government itself has nearly always been to blame, the Spanish people are also responsible. The Greeks conceived of Hope as a blind and treacherous goddess, and the Spaniards, too, keep demolishing in their hearts the image of Hope. Moreover, the Greeks, as all historians agree, were covetous. They glorified envy and paid formal homage to this quality, incorporating it in the goddess Eris.

Are we Spaniards like that? That ardent and admirable teacher, Unamuno, maintains the affirmative, adding that envy is the cancer of our national life. Although envy is a spiritual squint, an oblique, malevolent, and hostile point of view, it would harm only the individual if it did not also indicate an intellectual blindness prejudicial to the whole community. 'In this sense,' writes Menéndez Pidal, 'envy acts powerfully as a social dissolvent. Anyone who has not enough discernment or abnegation to allow a better man to pass beyond a mediocre one is a victim of envy who prevents individual energy from radiating upon society.'

Some years ago I wrote the following paragraph concerning this trait: 'A long and close observation of men has convinced me that the only crevice through which we may peer into the dark depths of the human heart is through the moral judgments which a man pronounces upon the conduct of his neighbor. No one, no matter how eagerly he tries, can make an honest public confession because he

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cannot consciously fathom that dark, shadowy region of his mind where his impulses have their origin. Yet this zone expresses itself involuntarily when he attempts to judge others, since he is then obliged to seek motives within himself to explain their conduct. These final moral judgments, therefore, are our most sincere public confession. If envious men had never imputed envy to others, those who do not experience that emotion would never have suspected its existence.'

When one follows up this clue to human conduct, one finds that temperament, the psychic make-up of man, is of two kinds: noble and plebeian. The noble temperament always attributes men's acts to high, disinterested motives. The plebeian temperament, on the other hand, cannot but feel that the actions of others arise from petty, vile, and selfish considerations. It is not a question of intelligence or psychological penetration; it is a matter of intuitive response. The noble temperament is touched by whatever noble qualities may exist in even the most degenerate man, while the plebeian only perceives whatever is vile or weak in the most noble temperament. I do not know why, but the plebeian temperament prevails to-day and plebeian reactions are the most persistent. One sees evidence of this everywhere. Spite is stronger than benevolence, hatred more enduring than love. Perhaps the generous emotions of the noble man blaze high and die away, while in the plebeian they burn with a weak but inextinguishable flame. But if we proceed further and analyze the emotions in these opposite types we see that they are substantially distinct. Take, for example, the desire for glory, or for what the ancients called posthumous fame. This desire is very keen in young people and is nearly always the primary stimulus to a great life, but it soon wears away and becomes insensibly changed into a mere contempt for immediate success until finally, through a curious process, the original impulse is converted into heroic dedication to the task at hand. Vanity, the plebeian counterpart of this emotion, merely demands continual applause.

THE acquisitive impulse is even more dissimilar in the two temperaments. In the noble man it is a beneficent instinct which leads to the creation and dissemination of wealth, sometimes even to waste and prodigality; whereas in the plebeian this passion reveals itself as avarice and leads to various kinds of usury. Any money passing through his hands leaves a certain per cent behind and if it passes many times it may be entirely absorbed, although it does not increase a particle during the process. The noble spirit regards wealth as a social function and he seeks to give it life and fertility, while the plebeian only views it as an object of individual absorption and hoards and paralyzes it. The industrialist therefore represents the noble economic type, while the banker, merchant, and middleman represent the plebeian attitude, although there are, of course, notable exceptions. Both types worship wealth, but, while the noble man thinks of it in terms of unlimited economic goods, the other merely pays homage to money, a concrete, restricted symbol. Thus the cult of economic wealth is polytheistic, even pantheistic; while the cult of

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money is monotheistic and its only god is Mammon.

The worship of economic wealth contains a valid religious element in that it intuitively regards the physical universe as an inexhaustible source of benefits made available by human industry and intelligence, as well as a bond of fraternal coöperation. Industry needs a rich community to expand in and it develops collective prosperity by discovering new means for the production of wealth. The usurer class, on the other hand, impoverishes the community day by day and can only thrive on poverty. Politics reveal these fundamentally different aims. The real industrialist is opposed to indirect taxes, which fall chiefly on the poor majority and thus destroy his market, and prefers direct taxes, which fall on himself. But merchants and bankers prefer indirect taxes; for, even if they make the markets shrink and withdraw money from circulation, shops can raise their prices and the banks can charge higher interest rates.

Industry creates wealth in many ways. It regards science as a generating principle of material riches—for instance, the Zeiss optical industry maintains a chair of optical science in the University of Jena and the industrial revolution was primarily scientific in character. The commercial and banking elements, however, regard science as a profession for misfits who lack the business instinct. Industry also regards art as a form of wealth and will use a work of art as a model for production. The automobile industry, for instance, pays generously for new æsthetic standards and forms, whereas a merchant ignores the artistic qualities of a work and does not care whether a picture is beautiful or ugly as long as he can get money for it. Imagine, for instance, an artist obtaining credit from a merchant for his future works.

Industry also regards labor as a form of wealth, but the banker judges labor not by what it produces but by what it costs. When an industrialist speaks of capital he means the sum total of all his means of production, including useful labor, but the banker means shares or government bonds or whatever he can convert instantly into cash. In short, the plebeian in economic life, as in every other sphere, is covetous, and the more parsimonious he becomes the less he sees where his real advantage lies.

SPANISH economy is wholly dominated by the plebeian spirit, as is proved by the paralyzed attitude of our banks toward industry. There can be no industrial magnates in Spain. The most eminent figures in our economic life are bankers or individuals who have succeeded in monopolizing some intermediary activity. Credit is the atmosphere in which economic life breathes and develops. What is credit? Faith in the potential wealth of intelligence and labor. Credit does not exist in Spain and the first and most formidable obstacle in the path of its development lies in the constitution of the Bank of Spain. If a citizen has a hundred thousand dollars the Bank of Spain will condescend to give him credit for fifty thousand as long as it can exact good interest and as long as his hundred thousand are in convertible securities which are deposited in the bank. This is what we call credit. The other banks naturally follow the example of the largest bank

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of the nation. But if a citizen of good reputation went to a bank with a small invention and asked for credit with which to establish a new industry, the bankers would take him for a fool or an impudent clown. It makes me laugh when I imagine the expression a Spanish banker would wear if a stranger appeared at his desk and asked for a million pesetas to establish a safety-razor factory. If the inventor of the Gillette razor had been born a Spaniard the majority of civilized men would not be shaving themselves as comfortably and well as they do today. Spanish avarice and usury profess a holy horror of industry.

When a man says that a socialistic régime would bring about a decay of economic life because it would remove the incentive to create wealth, by which he means the accumulation of money, he unconsciously reveals the coarse depths of his own plebeian temperament. No great human task in any field was ever accomplished because of a shortsighted eagerness to make money. The noble economic impulse is simply the unconquerable will to create new social goods; it does not pursue pennies but a progressive multiplicity of production. It is a sacred frenzy. Obviously a socialist economic system would provide abundant opportunities to give this healthful passion free play. Only the greedy urge to accumulate would be forcibly removed and none of us would lose by such a change. A street becomes no uglier if its pawn shop is torn down.

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This posthumous short story by the late Romer Wilson is marked by that rare poetic touch that made her one of the foremost imaginative writers of our time. It is prefaced by an appreciative memoir from the pen of Robert Nichols.

Intimations *of* Immortality

By Romer Wilson

From the *Adelphi*
London Literary Monthly

Romer Wilson—A Personal Note

By Robert Nichols

THE DEATH at the early age of thirty-eight of Romer Wilson is a disaster of the first magnitude to English imaginative letters. She had in her more of genius and less of anything else than I have ever known in any other human being with the exception of Paul Claudel. As he is, so she was a mystic and an essentially religious genius, though not attached to any church, and anything but a Christian, in Claudel's sense of the term. Her face, of singular beauty and rendered so vivid by the light behind it as to eclipse all others present, bore an extraordinary resemblance to that of Keats. The upper lip jutted forward in the same eager, sensitive manner, the nose had the same fine line in profile, the nostrils seemed like his to breathe another air than ours and with a greater gust, the brow was as pure, the chin as delicate, and the great eyes had the same dark fervor, brilliance, and depth. Romer Wilson's hair, however, was dark, not chestnut; she had some inches more stature than Keats and her slenderness made her appear tall. She talked wonderfully. Her speech was without drawing-room prettiness or studio conceits. It was elliptical, gnomic, the flight of a winged horse.

No talk seemed to afford her more enjoyment than talk about this or that genius—Blake, Melville, Nietzsche, Emily Brontë, Keats, Shelley, Goethe—and naturally, for had any of them walked into the room she

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would in ten minutes have been parleying with the demon of any one of them as with her own. The great peculiarity of her talk about genius was that, save in the crassest cases, it had the effect of snatching the listener up, as with one stroke of the pinions, into that element wherein such spirits abide, wherein she disported herself, and wherein too he might disport could he but keep his seat or, better yet, greatly daring, fling himself between the wings of some passing spirit and wheel about to clash with her in joyful controversy. She was not, however, at all inclined to be 'intense'; her humor accompanied her to the heights and she laughed, as Nietzsche has it Zarathustra laughed, with no grimace of pain or loneliness—albeit her spirit had, I take it, experienced much pain and must often have been lonely.

Her physical courage, as her last letters testify, was extraordinary, and her moral courage so infectious that one left her presence more than fortified, feeling positively cavalier. She was a very noble human being.

Her work has not yet received its due. I know she felt this, though I never heard her complain. She had the air of looking forward and, had justice been done her, I have no doubt she would have clapped hands over it as a child might over a bright bird its father has brought home which suddenly bursts into unexpected and beautiful song. Her later work is a little clouded by illness, but one at least of these books, *All Alone*, a spiritual biography of Emily Brontë, is full of genius. Greatly to my disgust and, as I believe, to her sorrow, it was most shamefully ill-treated by the press, which, by and large, exhibited little comprehension of the method and purpose of the work, and no apprehension whatever of its profound merits as a psychological study of a nature peculiarly difficult to penetrate.

Of her other works, three stand out: two novels—*Martin Schüler* and *Death of Society*—and one play—*The Social Climbers*. *Martin Schüler* is one of the few convincing portraits of a musical genius extant. *Death of Society* is the greatest hymn to love in English since *Epipsychidion*. In *The Social Climbers* Romer Wilson succeeds in doing what Bernard Shaw essayed to do in *Heartbreak House*—to take over from Chekhov as playwright. While I admire the Shavian attempt (alas! there is no real poet in G. B. S.), it reveals no more than a provincial and English merit when compared to *The Social Climbers*, a work of remarkable depth and no little poetic beauty.

To sum up—Romer Wilson seems to me to have had more imagination than any young writer now alive in England. The more's the pity that that imagination is so early extinguished, and that while it was among us it received so little recognition.

Intimations of Immortality

By Romer Wilson

I NEVER did see a ghost that fulfilled my expectations of what a ghost should be. I never saw any frail mist in human form glide between me and an opposite wall; I never saw anything horrid, nor heard anything horrid, nor felt queer at the knees, and yet I suppose if any of you round the fire had seen a man standing on air two feet above the waving surface

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of a field of ripe corn, as I did once down Dover way, you would call it a ghostly and unnatural sight. The man was in full kit and as solid as this chair, at least he looked it. The sun was blazing down and the sea in the distance was as smooth as wax and a good slate color. There was three parts of a diaphanous moon in the sky, and all of me in a two-seater car white with afternoon dust and as thirsty as may be. This is a war story—I mean it happened then when death was mobilized, the hounds of death were out to kill, and they got that chap in the cornfield that afternoon in a wood over yonder that began with a *P*—Lord, how short memory is!—in July 1916.

That is all regulation, of course. I knew directly I saw him he was off the ground forever and a day, and I had a slight qualm. Either he or I cared more for the other than either of us knew. I had always felt he was a man you could trust not to waste an inch of life, and I dare say that is the best you can say of anybody. That is not the end of the story, by any means—not that I have any story to tell you. I was not afraid, but then I am not afraid in churchyards after dark. I do not care for a *campo santo* or for a field of Mars. In the Champs de Mars in Paris I feel blue; there's a sound there of men's feet drilling, a regular bad habit of a sound; living men made it—dead men's feet have no sound, you know. There is a good set of sounds like that in the world—but that has nothing to do with this rigmarole.

Well, I had no sooner gone to bed that self-same night and fallen asleep or not, it does n't matter which, when in walked John Symonds and sat down on a cane chair as naturally as possible. He took out a cigarette and began to smoke; lit it with a French match.

'Good heavens!' said I, slowly, 'you are dead, John. You went out of it this afternoon; I saw you.'

'Dead as mutton, Charles,' he answered me. 'When I'm through with these forty-nine cigarettes I sha'n't get another smoke for Eternity.'

He spoke as quietly as a child breathing asleep.

'It is very interesting,' he went on, and I leaned up on my elbow in bed and watched him with a deep, soothed feeling in my vitals. 'It is very interesting, Charles. They shot me here clean as a whistle under the proverbial rib. It is not missing. I used to count it in my bath, and I know now for certain God never did make woman of man's bone. They were made at once, man and woman, at once and forever and ever. I had a quiet shock when I was shot, Charles, as quiet as the down stroke of a well-oiled piston. Death slid into me like that and I slid out of my body in exact facsimile of myself and stood above it in the air, and then I tried to go home but did not get beyond Dover in a field of corn. They kept me in France until my body was buried. They kept me till half an hour ago, and then I came on soft wings here where it is familiar—where I know my way about—where I loved to be. That little picture, that chest, they always pleased me, soothed me—how soft everything seems now—I can hear, but the first thing that I lost, Charles, was my sense of sound, yet I hear—infinitely, even the grass growing, and it is all a part of quietness.'

'Why to me?' I suddenly asked, 'why not go home?' I felt afraid all

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at once that he was making a fearful mistake or that I was, that I had no right to him since he had wife, kids, mother, sisters, brothers, a full set of relations, some of whom worshiped him, or thought they did.

'I don't know quite,' he answered. 'All men and women seem mother and brother and wife to me now, and it is easy to come here: you never wished to eat me when I was alive; besides, you have left things pretty much as they were. But I am home too—they have moved my books, you know—tell them they should n't, not for nine days, at any rate. It confuses me; I can't find my way. They have changed half the furniture round since May. Charles, I shall fade, you know, out of sense and time soon; in nine months I shall be faded away. I don't want anyone to suffer for me. I can help my family if they leave things alone. I can come back a little and comfort them. Then I will go. I like your flat, always did. It has intimations of immortality. They used to haunt me sweetly before I died.'

JOHN SYMONDS looked up and smiled at me. I laughed.

'I sha'n't forget your smile,' I said. 'It will be the last thing to go, you Cheshire cat!'

To my surprise tears began to pour out of my eyes.

'What the devil am I crying for?'

'Me,' said John. 'It seems such a pity, does n't it? Well, it is a pity, but I am happy in the indescribable joy of love and a deliciousness like a spring morning—perfectly pure. We are sorry when our bodies are badly hurt, limbs badly torn, but mine is without blemish—just that.' He showed me a burn in his tunic, over his heart. 'I wish they were all buried, it gives no chance to come on leave when they let you lie about—last leave—sounds like music-hall claptrap. I should like to go to the *Oxford* again and hear Marie Lloyd. By God, I should! She also knew a thing or two of what—intimated it—the immortal thing—I am to have—I have not the ghost of a notion where or how. The force that spins earth in heaven. For God's sake, live, Charles, even if you burst your bowels—and look here, Charles—soothe me, me—yes, soothe me, I am still capable of agony—soothe me by giving up delay.'

'Good Lord!' I said, 'you have taken up sky-pilotry! I sometimes suspected you had the boys' brigade enwombed somewhere about you.'

'I got waiting on the brain, I suppose, out there,' said John, meekly, 'but my human time sense is going with all sense and nonsense, and soon I also shall be part of the song of God, and shall be and shall be—a deep sea roars soundlessly from the well of heaven up, you know, very dark blue and spreads boundlessly.' John spread his arms out. 'That is somehow—like a white yacht, like a spotless clean tablecloth, like a new enormous drift of snow, God will spread out his garment and in it you will find out all about it and recognize these bits—Marie Lloyd, and the best wine from Italy, and song—Ho, ho, ho, Charles, don't be afraid of soiling your lily-soul, but beware of fairy green! God is not very fond of heart-cold prayer, does n't like the pattern of Brussels carpets on children's knees, but He does seem somehow to like the lush, joyful gliding you and I despised in many a church. He has, I must say,

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abominable taste—He IS the rest, the other you know, and hangs Blake's pictures in absolute original and your unwritten poems and my undone deeds in his soul's soul, but in the cool of the evening He comes down and as like as not tenderly fingers the silver hearts they hang round the heart of His Son's mother. The Holy Ghost smiles kindly. God is a very old man. Was that a cock-crow, Charles?'

'No, John,' I answered, truthfully, 'it was a motor horn in Piccadilly.'

'Shall I hear a cock in this flat?'

'As likely as not,' I said. 'Sit still, there's no sign of dawn yet. There is a mews at the back of here, certain to keep hens.'

'Certain to keep hens. Kept hawks once. I sha'n't be seeing much more of you, Charles. Keep on—for God's sake, go straight at it! Don't tell lies. Anyhow, do what you want. The betting is only three to one against truth if you go that way. Do what you damn well want. Your family and so on will have to know some day that love cannot be stuck down like rouge on any single one face. If you have any it belongs to the lot of us. Like Marie Lloyd, like Chaplin too, Charlot—Charlie Chaplin—I'd give a lot to have thrown a custard pie casually at Kitchener. It would have won the War. By Jove, it would, and God, when they shot me for treason, would have given me the D.S.O.'

'Good heavens, Death has gone to your head, John,' I exclaimed, full of joyfulness and as glad as ever I was in my life. 'Death has turned your brain, old chap.'

'I own I was a little elated, just a little, as if I had drunk two or three glasses of something A1. I shall hear that cock crow?'

'You told me just now you could hear the grass grow. Surely you will hear that bird.'

'The Holy Ghost comes rushing through my head at times and I faint a little. Henry Charles Mary, whoever you are dimly there, it tires me, but soon I shall not be tired any more. I shall be born again, Henry Charles Mary Philip—and many another.'

'You are wandering a little, John,' I said, tenderly.

'A mere intimation—a half handful of suggestions you can recognize, but there is life and life and death and maybe another cycle of existence between . . . I like that picture; Blake cut it on a wet afternoon, and since then how many lives has it entered, entered and begot—intimations of—waifs of the Holy Ghost, immortal . . . '

I did not see him go. I did not know that he had gone until morning. I may have passed out of life for a while at his side. I do not remember his last words. He is the only ghost ever I saw. Could n't be frightened at his presence; some ghosts frighten by absence, he did perhaps—I don't know. Beyond me to unravel the stuff he talked; there was an infinite great deal more than he ever said came behind his words, overflowed and swamped me. I swam up to the surface, but those dark waters, though I swam, buoyed up gloriously awhile, came over my head in a great dark tide again, and I had the sense to know I must drown amid them somehow if ever I was to sail my ship over 'em from here to there, where the devil ever that is, even God does n't know, I bet you, but only the Holy Ghost, who is the one fellow in Heaven or earth that has moved over the face of those waters—intact.

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The author of a play that is the sensation of Paris describes how modern mechanical devices are revolutionizing the theatre. A first-night critic then tells how it looks to the audience.

DRAMA for To-morrow

By Two Students of the Theatre

Translated from *Comœdia*
Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

I. My New Play

By Jules Romains

WHEN I WAS invited to write a play for the Théâtre Pigalle, I accepted joyfully, though I am not a man to write to order. I had, however, often visited the Théâtre Pigalle with my friend and confrère, André Pascal (Baron Henri de Rothschild), and as I examined its stage machinery and saw it in action I felt a violent admiration and enthusiasm which I later decided were not at all childish. Now, just as my play is about to open, I again feel that first enthusiasm in spite of the tremendous efforts that Jouvet, Fouilloux, Paul Colin, Pierre Renoir, and myself have devoted for the past five months to preparing this piece. For we have been continuously anxious, restless, and dissatisfied; we have asked ourselves, with brotherly severity, just how we could master this majestic and terrible machinery. And, if I have now regained my enthusiasm, I have not lost my anxiety, nor has Jouvet, nor Fouilloux, nor any of us. We tremble despite ourselves lest some mechanical caprice destroy or interrupt the sequence we have so carefully planned.

But why, you ask, should these fears be added to the playwright's usual anguish? Why should the fate of an intellectual creation depend on a fragile though majestic mechanism? There are two reasons. First, because modern man should not and cannot escape from the machine. It is up to him to have a strong enough mind and a firm enough hand to master it. In this new civilization, cowards hide

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their faces before the machine; the weak let themselves be reduced by it to base servitude. But real men accept the challenge that is offered them. That is the heroism of the future, and why should the theatre escape a destiny that is universal? The stage made skillful use of mechanical devises when machinery was still in its infancy; by what paradoxical austerity should it now deprive itself of equipment that is used to advantage in the most banal quarters?

Then, too, the history of the intellect and its creations is in part the history of the instruments which it has devised or adopted. Æsthetic inspiration and invention do not operate in a vacuum. Tools stimulate them, arouse them. Compared to a reed pipe, a great organ is an instrument of overwhelming complexity, yet you will agree that it has not crushed the spirit.

I have long dreamed of the type of comedy which I believe that our age demands, though we have not yet evolved the means for presenting it. One of the principal objects of comedy is to portray society, but society has changed enormously in the last century, whereas the means of representing society have scarcely evolved at all. Indeed, in some cases the discrepancy between means and end has become hopeless. Of course, to-day as well as yesterday, important events can occur in a few places, or even in one place, and a small number of people may be involved. Furthermore, an artist may still try to depict a vast and complex train of events from a single perspective. But what if he wants to do something entirely different?

Who can deny that modern society keeps offering us examples of related activities and events occurring simultaneously in the most diverse countries, and of 'plots' which can truthfully be said to unroll in Paris, London, and New York all at once? Or, if the action begins in a single place, it quickly leaps to another, either returning to its country of origin or developing in various parts of the world, with all the instantaneous exchanges, reactions, and entanglements which naturally result from our way of life. No need to hunt for unusual cases, our everyday experience has assumed a cosmopolitan character and we have acquired ubiquitous habits.

I THEREFORE dreamed of a comedy which should express a little of this experience, a comedy whose plot should have that cosmopolitan, ubiquitous character that marks so many events. Yet this comedy should maintain the traditional virtues, it should be drawn from observation, should remain true to life, and depict with care the inner natures and not merely the external activities of men.

I wanted this comedy to be satiric, but gay. I don't know why it is, but in our present age, as soon as we can escape such truly horrible things as war, cosmopolitan happenings assume a bracing, hearty, gallant character which saves them from gloominess. There is no repressed bitterness in them. However dubious their morals may be, they breathe the spacious air of the wide world and it seems to have a salutary effect.

I wanted to give comedy an air of adventure, of harbors, ships, and plains. And, since the action was to be world-wide, I determined that the

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ocean should provide the setting. What an ambition! Ten years ago I conceived this dream and thought the idea a good one, but even if I had succeeded in writing such a comedy what theatre would have played it? And I have never cared much for manuscripts stored away in desks. The result was that I wrote my idea up in the form of a movie scenario. The cinema was then a young art and full of promise. It enjoyed a latitude in space and time that the theatre lacked. I even hoped that *Donogoo-Tonka* might interest some of the directors, and was flattered when they adopted ideas from it here and there.

When the Théâtre Pigalle asked me for a play I merely took up the same theme and constructed a comedy, writing it exactly as if the subject were new to me and paying no attention to my previous effort. It is now theatre and nothing else, but it is far from containing all those diverse qualities I had envisaged. None the less I shall be sorely disappointed if I have failed utterly to make the public perceive the interest that will one day attach to this form of dramatic art. For I am convinced that its coming is inevitable, though I do not mean that other forms will disappear or even decline. If the comedy which I call 'cosmopolitan' for want of a better term does not originate among us, it will blossom forth elsewhere, for the period demands it. It is one of the forms in which the age wishes to see itself reflected. We in Paris now possess the means necessary for realizing this comedy and bringing it little by little to perfection. Let us not destroy these means or discourage those who are bending all their energies to developing them.

II. 'Donogoo' Reviewed

By Étienne Rey

In an essay written before the first performance of *Donogoo*, M. Jules Romains compared this play that he and his collaborators have produced to a flight over an unknown country. Let us at once acknowledge that the flying machine, though heavily loaded, has not sagged for an instant or grazed the tree tops. It has made a splendid take-off, flown with sovereign ease, and has progressed safely and impressively to its journey's end. The landing was impeccable and was greeted with loud applause.

After a period of experiment the Théâtre Pigalle has this time got off to a good start. We rejoice because it would have been a shame if this admirable instrument that M. de Rothschild placed at the service of dramatic art had failed a second time. On the strength of last evening's performance the spectacular elements in the show may well be called first-class. The machinery, which cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the world, now works perfectly and the stage hands know how to run it. Thanks to all this mechanism, which includes elevators and four stages, changes of scene were made with remarkable speed and ease, making possible the adequate presentation of this ubiquitous piece that M. Jules Romains has devised, this *comédie mondiale* whose future he predicts.

At a time when mechanism dominates everything, M. Jules Romains and the staff of the Théâtre Pigalle may well take pride in having put machinery at the service of drama. Are machines indeed served by men

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or is not man more and more coming to control machines? The question is too vast to be gone into here. Let us also pass over the ambitious theories that M. Jules Romains has expounded and not even ask whether this spectacle of his is better suited to the cinema or to the theatre. Let us make no comparisons because they make no fundamental difference. Let us simply say that the spectacle is amusing, varied, full of color and movement, and that its success is complete. The scenery by Paul Colin, whether it is the Moselle Bridge at La Villette, a subway, or a landscape of rocks and pampas, is evocative, gay, and artistically stylized. The musical accompaniment by M. Jacques Ibert is agreeable, lively, and perfectly adapted to the work in hand. At the first performance the management of the Théâtre Pigalle coquettishly revealed how the scenes were changed. We saw stages rise and descend, advance and recede. We saw the quai of La Villette and the bridge gradually sink while the Paris mosque danced a kind of jig in the air before it was put in place. It was all very amusing, but the curtain was lowered while the other scenes were being shifted, otherwise we should have spent all our time watching instead of listening.

And now for the play itself, for after all there is a play. In 1877 when that wild adventurer, Charles Marie Bonaventure du Breil, Marquis de Rays, living in his Breton manor at Quimer'ch, conceived the strange project of founding the free colony of Port-Breton on a desert island in the Pacific, he never imagined that the adventures of his colonists were going to furnish Alphonse Daudet with the starting point of his amusing *Port-Tarascon* and that a half century later M. Jules Romains would write *Donogoo-Tonka* around a similar theme. Thus the most surprising artistic inventions often originate from something that has actually happened.

But the lamentable and picturesque Odyssey of the Marquis de Rays's colonists in no way detracts from M. Jules Romains's originality. M. Romains has too definite a personality to content himself with imitation, and his temperament, mind, and character dominate *Donogoo*. He has a liking for vast syntheses, philosophic constructions, bird's-eye views of a whole epoch or even of a whole universe. He is also a mystifier and humorist who takes amusement in seriously devising farces and feats of mystery. Thus his play abounds in up-to-date bluff, horseplay, adventures worthy of Jules Verne, brief reflections at once profound and wise, fantasy that is above all an intellectual game, utilization at once comic and powerful of the ideas, desires, and scientific equipment that characterize our time. And all this forms a savory mixture of fantasy, philosophy, and burlesque, with a comedy of manners thrown in for good measure.

I SHALL try not to lose my way describing the adventures developed in the course of twenty-seven scenes. M. Romains brings in his famous Le Trouhadec as well as characters from his humorous novel, *Copains*. The action begins when one of the characters from this book is about to throw himself off the Moselle Bridge into the La Villette canal. He is stopped, however, by his friend, Bénin, who sends him to a psychiatrist, Rufisque, who reads

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thoughts and projects them on luminous disks. A loud-speaker then gives this singular command. Lamendin must betake himself to a mosque in Paris and wait there until a man wiping his nose passes and he must follow this man's footsteps, for it is this man who will save him.

Le Trouhadec, the illustrious professor of geography, goes by and Lamendin pursues him almost all the way to his house. Le Trouhadec is desperate. He is about to present himself for membership in the Institute but his enemies are preparing to exploit a monumental error that he made in one of his books when he placed in Brazil a city that never existed called *Donogoo-Tonka*. Lamendin, however, assures him that this will make no difference and proposes founding the city himself. It will be a splendid affair, rising in the midst of the equatorial jungles where gold mines are being discovered and exploited.

Lamendin hastens to the banks to finance a company. A shyster banker does not believe a word of his story but finds the affair all the more interesting on that account. Publicity, advertising, pamphlets, and posters follow. The *Compagnie générale de Donogoo-Tonka* is established and millions pour into its coffers. Then comes a series of short scenes showing poor devils all over the world—in Marseille, San Francisco, and Japan—fascinated by the mirage of gold, signing up to go to Brazil to Donogoo-Tonka. Lamendin himself recruits feminine colonists in Montparnasse at the Coupole Café.

But the first *conquistadores* lose heart in the interior of South America. After long, exhausting marches they are unable to discover Donogoo—and for the best of reasons. They therefore stop at a deserted but fairly agreeable spot, full of game, with a river, and decide to establish Donogoo there. They set to work building barracks, and the little colony prospers.

Several months later the growing distrust of investors forces Lamendin to set forth himself with his recruits from Montparnasse, with whom he arrives in Rio de Janeiro, where he is dumfounded to learn that the city he is searching for really exists. He sends radio messages, receives more money, has himself named governor general, and marches with his troop of followers to Donogoo. With great energy he imposes his authority on the adventurers who have already installed themselves, for has he not brought them millions of francs and women as well?

And now Donogoo grows before our eyes, becoming a big city. Lamendin administers its affairs and lays down its laws. Le Trouhadec, who invented the city, is elected to the Institute. He is called the father of the country and Lamendin has a monument raised in Donogoo to 'Scientific Error, Creator of Cities and Benefactor of Humanity.'

Beneath the enormous farce in all these scenes there is a fundamental ironic truth, an accent, tone, and movement that carry the piece along and make it something much more than an amusing fantasy. M. Romains must have been delighted to found a city under conditions so in keeping with both his theories and his taste for mystification, and we must be grateful to M. de Rothschild for having furnished him with such magnificent equipment.

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A polished French essayist assails the 'New Paganism'—in other words the modern cult of going as nearly naked as the law allows. And in some far places, it seems that there is no law.

On Going NAKED

By EDMOND JALOUX

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semiofficial Daily

DURING the summer, while waiting for a friend in the lobby of a big cosmopolitan hotel, I ran through a number of illustrated reviews. Have you noticed that only these illustrated publications give you a real idea of our period? If you read the chief literary reviews you have a hard time believing that there is any measurable difference between 1874 and 1894 or between 1912 and 1930. Recently I studied a complete file of the *Revue germanique*, a remarkable publication from every point of view, that appeared from 1857 to 1865. In it I found studies of all the problems that occupy us to-day. I found all the ideas that we believe peculiar to our time being analyzed. Needless to say, the possibility of creating a United States of Europe was discussed at length.

In a collection of this kind one is able to measure how slowly humanity progresses and within what a narrow circle it moves. One detail only in all that I read in this publication gave a definite impression that times had changed. This was the protest made against the ferocious and unjust chastisement inflicted on black slaves in America, who were cruelly whipped for the most insignificant shortcomings. Yet even this impression of an essential change is more than corrected by the stories now current of negroes being lynched by modern Americans.

On the other hand, if someone in 1940 or 1960 takes it into his head to run through the half-sporting, half-fashionable reviews to which I have alluded he will instantly discover the extent of our transformation. Man, who remains immutable in great things, cannot stand the sight of little

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things unless they keep changing. Now what characterizes modern life in France no less than in England, in America no less than in Scandinavia, in Germany no less than in Italy, is the passion for the open air, for the sun, the cult of nudity. On the Lido and at Deauville, at Abbazia and at Flims, the beaches are covered with recumbent figures clad only in skimpy tights. It is as if one had returned to the primitive humanity that Arnold Böcklin painted. Indeed, who among us has not got some ancestor who was a Triton, some great-grandmother who was a siren? Venus, they say, emerged from the sea. Is she returning to it only to disappear in its depths?

Apparently, the greatest innocence prevails at these aquatic functions. Women who have left nothing much concealed offer little to be desired. In this way we discover what a mistake we learned in our catechism, which states that indecency is the mother of voluptuousness. Just the contrary is true. Indecency—provided, of course, that it is not accidental—is the mother of indifference and therefore of virtue. Nor does this truth present itself in the mask of a paradox. It is a truism lacking in surprise, a truism poorly tricked out. Yet it is the discovery of the hour made by the apostles of 'integral nudism,' as they are comically called, and these apostles, contrary to what one might imagine, are not distinguished from other men by any great audacity of thought. They assert that 'integral nudism' is chastity. I prefer to take their word for it rather than pass judgment myself. 'That gentleman passing there is charming,' Fantasio said. And that lady, too, because they are dressed. But if they were presented differently chastity would rule the world and perhaps even bring the world to an end. There would be no rain of fire, merely an avalanche of disgust. Long live our tailors!

I am quite aware that the nudist reviews deceive us. They show us perfectly formed young virgins dancing at sunset, athletes throwing the discus, and children playing in fields. But they take good care not to show us sixty-year-old people who have spent forty years in offices nor the honest housewife who has brought five children into the world nor the glutton who has made a cult of eating nor various other figures whom you will easily enough find for yourselves and of whom one can only speak well provided they remain clothed.

Even apologies for nudity are nothing new. They were being made in England at the close of the eighteenth century,—to cite but one example among many,—where they were propagated by disciples of Rousseau. That visionary, William Blake, who dreamed of retrieving our lost innocence, did not hesitate to show himself with his wife in the doorway of their little house just as Adam appeared in Eve's society before the fall. Later a friend of Shelley named Newton, who preached the return to nature, put the same theories into practice and his wife would often spend whole mornings without any clothes on at all. 'When I had passed the morning thus,' she used to say, 'I would feel so innocent all the rest of the day.' The good Dr. Franklin recommended the same practice, and the children of the Newton family wandered all over the house quite naked. We must, however, point out

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that they drew great distinctions between the degree of innocence of their various visitors, and though they had no fear of embracing their friend, Shelley, in this state they would flee in terror before his comrade, Hogg, who did not enjoy the same moral immunity in their eyes. After all, this may perhaps be an excellent way of judging the degree of consideration and sympathy one inspires in one's friends. If complete nudity signifies absolute confidence, different stages of confidence could be expressed by clothing appropriate zones. Thus nudity would destroy hypocrisy, too, and together with chastity would reestablish human relations on a basis of truth.

It is in Germany that nudism has made most progress. This is due first of all to the fact that the Germans have no perceptible sense of the ridiculous, but another reason is that new ideas have assumed terrific violence there since the War. Anything that would whisk people away from the nightmare of ruin, hunger, and defeat enjoyed unlimited prestige. But was it even a new idea to the Germans? They have always been fanatically in love with nature. Whereas the French, when they like nature at all, like to go for walks, and whereas the English make use of nature to forget themselves and recapture the delicate play of muscles and forces, Germans turn to nature to lose themselves in it and to mingle with it. Thus their love of nature becomes more active at moments of crisis and torment such as the years of *Sturm und Drang* that they have just passed through. But this metaphysical nature of theirs does not eliminate comfort. Big swimming pools have been built lately in Berlin and in other large cities. I repeat, the whole world is going bathing. In the mountains of Switzerland artificial lakes are being made and artificial beaches with, I imagine, chemical sand.

TIME was when we made fun of Huysmans's character, Des Esseintes, who gave himself the illusion that he was in England by drinking a glass of port at the Bodega (an amusing and picturesque corner of Paris that has since disappeared in that fury of speculation which has brought about the present pretty situation) or by eating a meal in a bar on the rue Amsterdam. Yet we are tending to imitate Des Esseintes more or less and no doubt we shall soon be bathing in artificial seas on the roofs of the highest Paris apartment houses.

I do not believe that we have a very just concept of classic paganism, though we act as if we had. We let ourselves confuse the heroic epochs of the real Greece with the amiable dissolution of Alexandria. The Greeks were above all a civic and religious people and if they cultivated their bodies they did so chiefly to be able to defend their cities more adequately. We invest the idea of paganism with an excessive atmosphere of pleasure that it never possessed, for the Romans, like the Greeks, only gave themselves up to pleasure when they had ceased being real pagans, that is to say, when they no longer believed in their gods. For they were severe gods and we must not learn our mythology from Offenbach. Jupiter's adventures have thrown a certain discredit on Olympus, but when we understand that these divinities incarnated the

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elements and powers of life itself we are no longer surprised that the creative power was in its turn magnified. The idea of creation is only identified with the idea of pleasure by certain thoroughly modern philosophies. If there is such a thing as paganism in the mistaken meaning that we now give to the word, it is of our own day.

Still we must not exaggerate. There is a malign tendency to look upon our poor contemporaries as if they were sad fellows replete with varied enjoyments and always ready to throw themselves into some new orgy. But this is an optimistic picture. We are not stupefied by too much pleasure. Indeed, for my part, I believe that if a great many people like alcohol, noisy bars, and braying music, to say nothing of certain sedatives more dangerous still, they only go in for all this because they are unable to find real pleasure anywhere. Pascal speaks with disgust of mere diversion-seeking, but what would he say to-day of the oblivion that is the aim of so many of our actions, an oblivion whose real nature is concealed by the external stimuli that produce it.

To tell the truth, the new paganism lacks excess. It consists chiefly in the cult of the body. Since sport has become a kind of beauty factory the body is now the object of our most tender solicitude. An attempt has even been made to consecrate a whole literature to it, but the attempt failed for lack of durable sustenance. Why should we refuse, as we have refused for centuries, to enjoy the healthy pleasure that is born of movement? But, on the other hand, should we make an occupation of this kind the centre of all our activities? Anyone would think we should, to judge from the pictures in French and foreign reviews depicting the life of our day and, at the other end of the social ladder, the enthusiasm that crowds manifest for sporting exploits. Is this open-air life, this outdoor life, this life of high speed and record-breaking, going to replace the life that our grandparents knew?

A little clown in an admirable poem by Mallarmé says to an orphan friend, 'You know nothing. Parents are droll people who make you laugh.' A modern grandmother is someone young, someone with short skirts and dyed hair who dances, plays tennis, and smokes cigarettes. In former times it was the rule to go in for renunciation as quickly as possible. Retreat seemed to be the real aim of life, as if death were not retreat enough. But did not resignation, retreat, and wisdom also signify laziness, indifference, and the security that an ostrich enjoys?

I would not have this new paganism commit us to precocious animality, but the retired life of ancient times which we led far too long did not produce much more intelligence and, for one learned man who profited from his retreat, how many angry numbskulls there were. The struggle for youth, health, and beauty has in it those elements of courage and energy which only become a danger if they confuse the end and the means. Greek and Roman paganism had the city as their ideal. Where is our paganism going? Alas, I am afraid it is nothing but a fashion and that another fashion will replace it. When the gods have departed caprice is born, and even the most fantastic systems of polytheism have not been able to make a demigod of caprice.

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BOOKS ABROAD

ASH WEDNESDAY. *By T. S. Eliot. London: Faber & Faber. 1930. 3s*

(Brian Howard in the *New Statesman*, London)

IT HAS BEEN the delightful, but exhausting, task of the writer of this article to collect, during the past year, an anthology of verse by the younger English poets; one of the most exhausting things about it has been the numberless variations, generally in the treble key, upon Mr. Eliot's renowned poem, *The Waste Land*. Most of these, of course, have had to be rejected. It became such a plague that the moment the eye encountered, in a newly arrived poem, the words 'stone,' 'dust,' or 'dry,' one reached for the waste-paper basket. But there were a number of poems that came, showing an equally marked influence, toward which one felt very differently. These authors had read their Eliot, but they had profited. It was not the stones, the dustiness, and the droughts that affected them so much as the thought that lies behind this passage from Mr. Eliot's latest poem:—

Because I know that time is always time
And place is always and only place
And what is actual is actual only for one time
And only for one place
I rejoice that things are as they are and
I renounce the blessèd face
And renounce the voice
Because I cannot hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
Upon which to rejoice.

This, perhaps, is the pith, not only of *Ash Wednesday*, but of the whole of Mr. Eliot's poetic message. It is the fearless, the truly modern, thought behind it that is influencing many of our better young poets, and influencing them for their good.

It is now some ten years since *The Waste Land* appeared, like some austere and unfamiliar flower, in that blown-up cottage garden which was English poetry immediately after the War. The Georgian poets were busy planting hardy perennials where hardy perennials grew before. Not even Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, sedulously slipping weed-killer into their watering cans, was successful in deterring their dreary reconstruction. *Wheels* itself creaked in vain. The young poets, who, because of their age, had escaped alive, were dazedly trooping up to help. Suddenly—*The Waste Land*, and it may be said, with small exaggeration, that English poetry of the first half of the twentieth century began. It is a pity that it was written by an American, but there you are. We are not quite so original as we were.

It was Mr. Eliot who suggested to our young poets, more by his poetry than by his admirable critical work, that they should begin seriously to think of what poetry really was. Granted that the guns had stopped, and that it was possible to hear again the nightingale, and granted that to 'get into a state' about nightingales is the poet's function, the time had undoubtedly come to consider the general nightingale situation, so to speak. Of course, there is no time at which a poet should not consider it, but poetry has a way of deciding about

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the nightingale situation, and then leaving it. In England, as it happened, it had been decided by the Romantics, and left for a hundred years. The result was Georgian poetry. The nightingale had become a mocking bird. What was to be done? It was largely Mr. Eliot who supplied the answer. One must begin again, he suggested, to *think* about the nightingale. To begin with, what is it? The poet who asks himself this question at once becomes, unlike Keats, a metaphysical poet. Keats, you will say, had no need to ask such a question, being the particular sort of poet he was, living at his particular time, and being a genius into the bargain. You are quite right, but you are quite wrong if you think that it was not high time for all who confuse a partiality for bird songs with an apprehension of Nature to go into the question of what a nightingale is.

In short, at a time when it was long overdue, it was Mr. Eliot who introduced the present limited, but definite, metaphysical revival. It was he who reminded our young poets—taking them, as it were, by the lapel as they were yawningly replacing the bird baths—that the poetic transcription of natural history is all the better, occasionally, for a thought or two about the nature of reality.

This newest among Mr. Eliot's longer poems has, it must be admitted, a certain flamelessness. It rarely transports. But the level kept is a high one, and if one seldom crosses a peak, it is a mountain road. As a technician, no one to-day excels its author in the writing of free verse. The rhythms are held and broken with the control of a master, and the interior rhyming is as refreshing as it is beautiful. As an illustration of this, the following is perhaps the best example from *Ash Wednesday:*—

Where shall the word be found, where will the word
Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence
Not on the sea or on the islands, not
On the mainland, in the desert or the rainland,
For those who walk in darkness
Both in the day time and in the night time
The right time and the right place are not here
No place of grace for those who avoid the face
No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the voice.

The comparative absence of adjectives in the foregoing, and the inclination toward one-syllable words are both things to be noted. It is like seeing—feeling—one sound stone being placed exactly, firmly, and permanently upon another, and there are many of us who believe that it is with such stones as these that the seriously damaged temple of English poetry must be repaired.

Woven into the text are several liturgical fragments. The Hail Mary,

Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

The priest's preparation for Holy Communion,

Lord, I am not worthy.

Then from the Bible, Ezekiel,

And God said,
Shall these bones live?

St. Paul,

Redeem the time.

No charge of plagiarism, however, could be brought against Mr. Eliot any more than it could against Gray. Mr. Eliot fulfills the one condition upon which the incorporation by a poet of the work of others is allowed. The total result is entirely his own.

We will not end without saying that *Ash Wednesday* is, in the sum, an

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important and beautiful poem. That it is grave, that it is what is termed 'intellectual,' is true. But it is this very quietness, this very severity, which imparts to it that particular quality of beauty so gratefully devoured by the sensitive modern mind. The courage for fine frenzies is already, let us hope, returning. It is being given to us, a trifle savagely, by Mr. Roy Campbell. But it is Mr. Eliot—and you may see how in the first quotation in this article—who will have made these future frenzies possible and valuable again, if valuable they prove to be. Because, upon reflection, it was not the guns that had silenced the nightingale. It was the mocking bird.

FRIEDEN. *By Ernst Glaeser. Berlin: Gustav Keipenheuer Verlag. 1930.*
NACHKRIEG. *By Ludwig Renn. Berlin: Agis Verlag. 1930.*

(Ludwig Marcuse in the *Tage-Buch*, Berlin)

WAR BOOKS are now being succeeded by post-war books. Glaeser describes in his new novel, *Peace*, the first winter of the revolution. Renn in *Post War* tells of the post-war military system from the break-up of the 'old army' to the Kapp *Putsch*.

There is a natural distinction between war books and post-war books. The War was over by the time people began writing about it. It was easy to picture it because it had a beginning, an end, and an aspect which, since it belonged to the past, did not change. But the post-war period runs from 1918 to 1930: it is a steady stream that cannot be described because every day it takes on a new aspect. Thus the post-war, in contrast to the war books, have a somewhat fragmentary, equivocal character, and a rather special nature, despite such comprehensive titles as *Peace* and *Post War*.

Ernst Glaeser describes the first month of the Revolution in a South German state—the rumors of the dissolution of the Empire, the flight of the princes, the struggle for power between the administration and the Sparticists, the incipient restoration. He shows, through the local reactions to the great events of that winter, the social structure that peace brought. Glaeser's characters represent certain social types: Max Frey is *the* bourgeois revolutionary; the mother is *the* idealistic bourgeois, and so forth. The plot in which these characters appear seems to be constructed sometimes from personal experience, sometimes from history, and sometimes from imaginary events.

Glaeser is a good story-teller. He can describe scenes with such skill that the situation is seen from several angles. He can draw landscapes and express clearly an atmosphere of suspense among men. But he does not succeed in picturing 'the Peace.' Just what is he trying to do? He is trying to set down the aspect of society as it existed at a given time. Moreover, he wishes to act as a critic of that society. But Glaeser's collective portrait gives only the features that we all know—categories with their proper names. If one were to remove from the book the terms 'Majority Socialist,' 'Sparticist,' 'bourgeois,' and the like, the characters would become nebulous.

The hero of this quasi autobiography is a 1919 schoolboy—the same dumb, groping, surprised hero about whom *Class of 1902* was written.

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Does Glaeser remember the experiences of the schoolboy of 1919 and write them down honestly? No, the Glaeser of 1930 conceals his old memories behind 1930 reasoning. The helpless 1919 schoolboy indulges in as vigorous and well-considered criticism of the Social-Democratic régime as if he were a major prophet. Glaeser's book is one vast anachronism. It has two sides: the experiences of that first post-war winter, and the present-day evaluation of that time, with its opposition to the spread of Social Democracy. This book would have possessed a documentary value if it had confined itself to genuine recollections; and it would not have lost in polemic strength, for the literary issue between Social Democracy and Communism demands other dialectic and material weapons than are included in the equipment of even a gifted novelist.

Renn attempts considerably less than Glaeser, but accomplishes more. His account of Vice Sergeant Major Renn and his post-war experiences in the disintegrating imperial army, in the public-safety troops, and in the Middle German *Sicherheitspolizei* during the Kapp *Putsch;* his account of the tension between the public-safety volunteers and the frontier guard, and of the tension between the officers and the picked military leaders has the primitive character of notes made at the time. Renn does not attempt to recast his material by turning it into a novel; he does not work out his figures plastically, nor group them into scenes, nor build the scenes into an artistic whole. He does not attempt to show the present political consequences of the occurrences of that time. Not until the last sentence of the last paragraph does he mention that, many years after the events described in this book, he became a Communist.

Whereas Glaeser's book was written in accordance with a scientific and artistic measuring stick, Renn's book is of value only as documentary material, and is an important source for any description of that period. Its æsthetic appeal resides in its sharpness and its avoidance of verbal brilliance. The two books have in common the same fumbling, groping hero; and the two heroes have in common the same antipathy to the new revolutionary rulers, only in Renn's case this antipathy was instinctive, immediate, whereas with Glaeser it was a later development.

Glaeser depicts the social system of the winter of 1918–19 as it appeared to him later, reducing it to an anachronism by having his hero live through, not that time, but a kind of mixed period; but Renn really described the year 1919. Thus we find ourselves wandering slowly, step by step, through that chaos with Vice Sergeant Major Renn. He enters a castle, and neither he nor we know to whom the castle belongs. He journeys through a maze of pathways, and neither he nor we know whither they lead. He talks with soldiers and civilians, and neither he nor we (and perhaps not even they themselves) know who they are, or what they are for and against. *Post War* is strongly imbued with the essential characteristic of the period described—ambiguity.

This vague, boundless unreality does not, however, spring from a metaphysical conception, but from a literal presentation of material. Renn has not worked over his material as a

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poet, historian, or politician. He has merely set down honestly what he saw and heard and felt and thought; he has reproduced the atmosphere of that time so well that his writings are both more and less than a picture of the first post-war months. Like plants imprisoned in crystal, certain aspects of the Revolution have survived their day imprisoned in this modest volume.

VULGARITY IN LITERATURE. *By Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto & Windus. 1930. 2s.*

(T. Earle Welby in the *Week-end Review*, London)

THE examination of vulgarity in literature, a necessary and overdue task, could scarcely have been entrusted to an acuter or more independent writer than Mr. Aldous Huxley. Not the least of his merits, in this volume of the promising new series called 'The Dolphin Books,' is that he is careful to define his subject, and at the outset rightly bids us distinguish between vulgarity in literature and the vulgarity inherent in the profession of literature.

Certainly, as most good writers must have felt if only once in a lifetime, there is something hurtful to the finest part of self-respect in making one's self a motley to the view, in publishing abroad one's most intimate emotions and ideas. *Secretum meum mihi!* And so, as Mr. Huxley might have developed his argument, we find with many of the most aristocratic writers either an echo of Shakespeare's outcry, or an ironical appreciation of the act of self-betrayal, or some effort to disguise the character of the act by adopting the doctrine of impersonality, or recourse at one extreme to a medium which precludes self-portraiture except in outline of sincere but fastidiously chosen attitudes and at the other extreme of a medium which conceals the confession from all but initiates. Flaubert, persuading himself that his personality could be kept out of his work; Baudelaire, hiding all that heroism of the intellect, writing with a cruelty that is inverted compassion; Landor, nobly petrifying himself in the grandeur of poses expressive of nothing but what was essential in him; Mallarmé, becoming in the final phase virtually unintelligible lest his inner meaning should be blurted out to those who had not divined it already: these are among the types who have utterly escaped imputation of even the most easily forgiven vulgarity.

But there is at least one other way, far less admirable, indeed on principle unworthy, of evading the difficulty; and it is a pity that Mr. Huxley has not cited Byron. Not merely because Byron had that very obvious streak of vulgarity, but because he is the one great English writer whose masterpiece is such as no man about town would have been ashamed to sign. By a coincidence for which we cannot be too grateful, *Don Juan* was precisely what Byron was born to write; but the fear of being thought a poet instead of a man of the world condescending to poetry is vulgarity in literature. And it is a kind of vulgarity, if not peculiar to us at least very much commoner among us than among the Latins, to apologize for being men of letters at all. Think—as Mr. Huxley, having a multitude of ideas, has not cared to think—of Congreve telling his illustrious French visitor that he did not wish to be regarded as a man of letters, of Gray

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reluctant to give the world the world's favorite poem, of Thackeray pretending that he had but been playing with puppets. Is there not by contrast something noble, I ask Mr. Huxley, in the boast of the Manchester man who claimed to be the world's second-best authority on gray shirtings?

But Mr. Huxley is not to be chided, for with a tact which I venture to think conscious he has taken as examples of genius falling into vulgarity Balzac and Poe. Now, Balzac is a mountain at which every mouse may nibble, without risk of the accusation of being unfilial: no *ridiculus mus* was ever born of him. Mr. Huxley, aware of the master's unequaled power over mundane matters, finds Balzac vulgar in the mystical portion of his work, 'Séraphita' and 'Louis Lambert.' Admitting that there is vulgarity there, I would say that it points not to inherent vulgarity in Balzac but to the peril of Balzac's too comprehensive scheme, which forced him into regions in which he could not be himself. Poe's trouble was obviously quite other. Mr. Huxley deplores his addiction to 'musicesque metres,' reminding us that in general good poets prefer 'to create their own music out of raw materials as nearly as possible neutral.' There is much in that criticism, but when he goes on to object that Poe alliterates in those metres he is surely forgetting that the nature of such metres in English is to be alliterative. If Poe writes, in an example not used by Mr. Huxley, 'She has come up from the lair of the lion with love in her luminous eyes,' the pre-Elizabethan religious dramatist is constrained by the genius of our language to write, 'My truest treasure so traitorly taken.'

These are small points, but they suggest that vulgarity in Balzac and in Poe does not proceed from the core of either's literary character. Suppose Balzac had not been obsessed with that scheme for a complete human comedy: we should have been spared the things of which Mr. Huxley complains. Suppose Poe had lived in a literary society with some standards: he would have felt the immense difference between the perfection of his lines, 'To Helen,' and of such phrases as his 'old agitations of myrtles and roses' on the one hand and his ultra-romantical bosh about 'dead D'Elormé' on the other hand. But, with all respect, I think he might still, and without sin, have written 'Ulalume,' which angers Mr. Huxley, but which, like Oscar Wilde's 'Sphinx,' is capable of yielding a good deal of pleasure of a sort if not taken quite seriously. 'Ulalume' is not vulgar: it is a kind of game played with echoing words and mysterious images by a self-indulgent but undeceived mind.

Mr. Huxley, as I think, has devoted a little too much attention to accidental vulgarity and not enough to that which comes out of a writer's very nature. To be sure, he does in his concluding pages trounce the weaker Dickens who wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop*—'whenever in his writing he becomes emotional, he ceases instantly to use his intelligence.' And he says a profound thing in pointing out the factual unawareness of Dickens in emotional moments, the strange weakness which causes Little Nell's virtues to be 'marooned' in a waste of the unrealized. But just then, surely, he should have reverted to Balzac. For it is one of the greatest of Balzac's almost innumerable distinctions that,

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in all his really characteristic work, we have not emotion swirling on with facts carried as may be, but a prodigious massing and succession of facts by which the emotion is conveyed. Factual awareness descends to Zola, whom a great Victorian in a still unpublished letter so delightfully described as the Davenant of the French Shakespeare, clamorous for the bar sinister. But Zola is vulgar as Balzac, in his proper regions, never is—through inability to divine the epical in the quotidian activities of contemporary life.

To make an end of an interminable inquiry, the only thing more dangerous than inability to detect vulgarity in the work of others or in one's own work is too constant a watchfulness for it. As it is bad to be a snob but worse to be infallible in perceiving snobbery, bad to be mean but worse to be always alert for meanness, so it is bad to be vulgar in one's reading or writing but worse to be in terror of vulgarity. In the early days of bicycling it was reported by novices that the more they consciously studied to avoid a cart on the road the more likely they were to wobble into it. One can only say to all one's fellows of the craft, '*De nobis fabula narratur.*'

THAT NEXT WAR. *By K. A. Bratt. London: Allen & Unwin. 1930. 10s. 6d.*

(G. Lowes Dickinson in the *Nation and Athenæum*)

THE CAMPAIGN against war seems to have run into a kind of stalemate. The weight of the argument is all on one side. Nothing sensible can be said, nor is said, in defense of war. But nevertheless people feel it to be inevitable, and the course of events seems to be bearing them out. We are rushing toward war with increasing acceleration, and nothing can stop us except ourselves. But 'we,' except for a small minority, are fatalists, skeptics, indifferentists. We don't know, don't think, don't care. We drift as though we were hypnotized, and it looks as if we should not wake till we are awakened by the noise of the bombs.

Meantime scattered voices cry into our closed ears, and one of the most poignant and importunate speaks in Major Bratt's book. Major Bratt is a Swede, but he is also a professional soldier, and should be treated with respect by those who dismiss with contempt the views of laymen. Whether that will help is another matter. For, whatever soldiers and sailors and airmen may privately think, it is their business to prepare war, and they will not be diverted from that task because they realize what the next war will be like. Probably, indeed, if Major Bratt were not a citizen of a small country he would not have written, though he might have thought, as he has.

The earlier part of the book is taken up with a forecast of what the next war will be like. Like most of the younger and more intelligent professionals, he believes that the air arm will be decisive, if a decision is to be reached at all. Intelligent laymen who study the subject commonly take the same view; and those who want to have an idea, expressed without rhetoric or exaggeration, of what war in the air will mean, may turn to the pages of this book. Or they may discover it a few years hence by actual experience, but then it will be a little late. Major Bratt has no mercy on

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comfortable illusions. He sees, what everyone must see who will look at the course of events, that the menace of the next war is not remote:—

> For the moment there is a pause, but only a relative pause. Europe is still hovering on the brink of a decision. Exhaustion after the War, combined with forces of various kinds, which were set in motion in order to effect a change, have slowed down the tempo. But their influence is no greater than this. . . . Everywhere there is a feeling that the ground is rocking, as if by an earthquake. The path of this development must inevitably lead to war. The strong current of opinion in favor of peace which courses through the nations has not succeeded in stopping military development. The generation which deludes itself in an interval between wars that war is over should cease to do so.

Militarists agree with this forecast, but draw the inference that we must continue that competition in armaments which has shown itself to be a principal cause of war. Major Bratt takes the opposite view. The more the danger is imminent the bolder must remedial action be. But what action? That is hotly disputed among the opponents of war, and their lack of agreement increases their impotence. With the out-and-out pacifist, who urges immediate one-sided disarmament and repudiates force to check force, Major Bratt joins direct issue. An international society, he holds, could no more do without an armed force than a nation can do without a police; and there most people agree with him. But how is the force to be provided? That is the 'problem of the twentieth century' discussed in a book by Major Davies, who assumes that states will insist on maintaining their national forces. That immediately raises the question, how can the international force be made strong enough to cope with the strongest national force? And if it be, will not the world be ruined by its very effort to avoid ruin? Major Davies develops the ingenious idea of reserving to the international force all the latest, and therefore most powerful, weapons, such as the air force, poison gas, and tanks, and confining national forces to those that were available in 1914.

Major Bratt is more radical, and may therefore appear more chimerical. He conceives a world federation, a world executive, and a world force, while national forces are to be reduced to a mere police. If that could be achieved a world air force would be sufficient to suppress rebellion against the world authority. The bare mention of such schemes brings out the difficulty of our situation. If we are as bellicose as Major Davies believes, can we hope to avoid war by pooling our bellicosity? On the other hand, if we assume, with the uncompromising pacifists, that nothing can be done till we cease to be bellicose, what chance is there of anything's ever being done? For millenniums preachers have been telling men, what is obviously true, that they are fools to wage war. This is the dilemma which those who really see and feel the issue have to face up to, and it accounts for the divisions that weaken them. From those divisions the common enemy, the war men, profit, and that is why we are drifting again to the abyss.

In these circumstances, is there anything to be done, other than that long process of persuasion which does not seem likely to be swift enough to save us? Major Bratt has his answer to that question. He suggests that international capital and labor might combine to stop another war; and certainly, if they did combine, govern-

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ments would be powerless against them. This may seem a chimerical idea. So far as capital is concerned, Communists would laugh it to scorn; for in their view the machinations of capital are the only cause of war. But this is one of the myths of the Communist religion. Capital, as a whole, was not in favor of war even in 1914, and it has learned much since then by dire experience. The international trusts which are the main fact of recent economic development may have surprising reactions on international politics. For war would ruin the whole structure they are building up.

Whether labor would coöperate with capital is another matter. On many questions capital and labor are, or think themselves, enemies. But are they enemies on this question too? Communist labor, of course, is the enemy of capitalism, and Communism is the greatest menace now in the world, not only of civil, but of international war. But the great mass of labor, in Europe and America, is not Communist, and might join with capital to stop war, if not for any other purpose. The Labor International did indeed fail dismally and disastrously in 1914. It may fail again. But, again, it may not. Major Bratt indeed is more doubtful about capital than about labor, and he suggests, if all else fails, a general strike against war. 'The revolt of the masses against war is a revolt of crossed arms, millions of crossed arms. It is the wheel which ceases to revolve, the silent machine, the discipline of crossed arms versus the discipline of bayonets. . . . The Kapp incident in Germany proved what forces the crossed arms had at their disposal.'

Even more remarkable, one might suggest, was the debacle of French action in the Ruhr, due to the resistance of German labor. The thing is not impossible. But it would require extraordinary courage in the leaders and discipline in their followers. To prophesy its success would be rash, but also it would be rash to prophesy its defeat. For here, as everywhere in great practical questions, the answer depends on that unknown factor, the human will.

The question is urgent, for the danger is near. We have not time to wait for a gradual change in the uncoördinated mass called public opinion, for it is precisely the inertness of that that is the cause of the danger. When the War ended, it seemed to many that it must be the last war; for youth, it was thought, would never allow another, and youth would soon be in the saddle. Of all the disillusions of recent years that has been the most dismal. Youth, broadly speaking, does not care. There are many reasons for this, some creditable, some not, and perfunctory discussion of them in this place would be worse than useless. But the fact remains that the majority of young men are indifferent to peace, and a large number are actually enthusiastic for war. The principal public manifestations of youth are to be found in Bolshevism and in Fascism; and both of these, whatever else they may be, are movements toward war. War has not disappeared by the arrival of a war-hating generation. But youth is an unorganized crowd. To stop war we must look to organized forces; and Major Bratt may be right that organized capital and labor may combine for that purpose. Meantime, let us at least try to wake up from our trance!

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Humanism in Europe

THANKS to the efforts of Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and the editorial staff of the American *Bookman*, the word 'humanism' has come to enjoy a sudden notoriety in the United States, even though nobody understands quite what it means. Europe, on the other hand, has a fairly definite notion of what humanism implies and for that reason is perhaps a little more chary of swallowing the doctrine whole. Lately, for instance, the columns of *Candide* contained an essay entitled 'The New Humanism' by Benjamin Crémieux, who offered several definitions that would make our American humanists squirm. First he quoted from Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, which has been making a great sensation in France, choosing a statement made by the character representing the late D. H. Lawrence, whose whole attitude is, of course, anathema to the academic Professor Babbitt. Here is the passage, which, by the way, was also quoted by André Maurois in his essay on Huxley that we translated a few months ago:—

'To be a complete man in a state of equilibrium is a difficult task but is the only one set us. Nobody's asking you to be anything but a man. A man, mind you. Not an angel or a devil. A man's a creature on a tight rope, walking delicately, equilibrated, with mind and consciousness and spirit at one end of his balancing pole and body and instinct and all that's unconscious and earthy and mysterious at the other. Balanced. Which is damnably difficult. And the only absolute he can ever really know is the absolute of perfect balance. The absoluteness of perfect relativity.'

M. Crémieux then turns to another expert on the subject—himself—and quotes some words he wrote in 1918: 'The great struggles between Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar, Antony and Octavius, linked up as they were with vast colonial expeditions, led up to the humanism of the Augustan age. The quarrel between the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire and the municipal and feudal conflicts among the Italian republics culminated in the humanism of the Renaissance. After all great crises in which humanity overreaches itself (I should no longer say, in the year 1930, that in a state of war humanity overreaches itself) and bathes in its own blood, a humanist period almost inevitably follows, a period exempt from mysticism but not without idealism.'

The essential doctrine of humanism, as M. Crémieux interprets it, has nothing to do with Rousseau, whom Professor Babbitt blames for all our troubles. Crémieux looks upon the Asiatic as the true anti-humanist since the Asiatic feels himself a mere part of brute creation and not a separate creature with unique relations toward God and the world. But René Berthelot, author of a book called *The Wisdom of Shakespeare and Goethe*, asserts that this superiority complex did not appear until the eighteenth century and that the Greeks, whom most humanists regard as their spiritual ancestors, believed that virtue lay in conforming to nature. This is the way M. Berthelot expresses the idea: 'Nature is at once a necessary and harmonious order, such as the Greeks found in the order of astronomical movements and the development of a certain internal spontaneity, analogous to what one witnesses in the development of some organism. In addition to the geometrical and astronomical tradition, there was the medical tradition of Hippocrates, which was the great scientific tradition of Greek biology. According to the school of Hippocrates, medicine should

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consist above all of a hygiene that tends to preserve the conditions of vital equilibrium and to allow free play to that spontaneous power known as "nature" which is identical with life itself.'

M. Crémieux then comes to this conclusion: 'The new humanism ought to lead to the assembly of a complete inventory of what the human body, mind, and soul contain. It should investigate to the full the relations between these elements and the rest of the universe and in coming to conclusions it should dominate everything but reject nothing. As for the literature that would express this humanism, how can we imagine it as anything but totalist?'

Joyce and John

THE ELUSIVE James Joyce is having his portrait painted in Paris by his friend Augustus John of the Royal Academy, and thanks to the energies of Hugh Muir of the *Sunday Dispatch* the two men were run to earth and interviewed during a sitting. Mr. Muir described finding them in 'a bright Montparnasse studio' which boasts an elevator, a staff of pretty servants, and, on the first floor, a cocktail bar. He found Mr. John 'wrapped in indescribable clothes, of which a brown taffeta dressing gown was the envelope,' whereas Mr. Joyce 'in sharp contrast was neat and well groomed, looking as if he had been swept on a clean wind from his native Irish heath to the swamps of the Latin Quarter. His faint brogue and his shy manner are almost as charming as his personality.'

'About this picture, tell me the story of it,' Mr. Muir inquired.

Joyce nodded at John. 'He knows more about it than I do,' he replied.

What Mr. Muir describes as 'a delightful exchange of courtesies' followed and it transpired that work on the portrait was to be suspended temporarily, as Joyce is to have another operation on his eyes in the hope of being saved from the complete blindness with which he is now threatened. Already, however, John has completed a drawing of Joyce which will be reproduced in a *de-luxe* edition of *Pomes Penyeach* which is being published by an international group of musicians as a tribute to its author, whose verses they have set to music. Mr. Muir found that both men were quite amenable to being photographed and they posed with locked arms before the camera, though Joyce expressed concern about the pipe that John was smoking.

'Are you sure it's out?' he asked anxiously. 'Don't spoil the picture.'

Mr. Muir expressed the hope that the finished portrait would be exhibited at the annual Academy show—a hope that Mr. John shares.

Fascism for the Young

BY INTRODUCING propaganda to the classroom, the Fascisti have literally as well as figuratively torn a leaf out of the text-books of Russia. The Italian Government has issued a new series of readers given over almost wholly to glorifying Mussolini and his work. They contain pictures of the Duce on horseback with such captions as 'The Duce leads the people of Italy'—'God protect the Duce'—'Mussolini loves the children of Italy very much and they love him.' Historical and geographical teachings follow the same novel lines. Beyond general notions about the earth and the solar system, geography confines itself to giving a full description of Italy and her colonies, and the history course for the third year of primary school is entirely devoted to Italian progress during the nineteenth century. Garibaldi, Cavour, Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel II are presented as heroes, and the history of the Great War is made to hinge on the Battle of Vittorio Veneto. Children are made to repeat by rote, 'The Italian nation won the War with the Battle of Vittorio Veneto.' No foreign nations are mentioned except as allies of Italy during the War.

But the climax does not occur until

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Mussolini and his Black Shirts march on Rome in 1922, at which point the children are incited to do their duty in the following words:—

'Italy, a hundred years ago divided and enslaved, is to-day one of the great powers of the world, presenting an admirable spectacle of discipline, work, and faith. The heroes and the martyrs of the *Risorgimento*, of the Great War, and the Fascist Revolution have made our country free, united, prosperous, and strong. It is now your turn to grow up healthy in mind and body, to continue the work, so that Italy may once more be a splendid lighthouse of civilization. You must be ready, as were your fathers and grandfathers, if the country calls you, to fly to arms and die serenely should the safety and greatness of your country exact from you this supreme sacrifice.'

A more delicate technique is used to inculcate religious instruction, since this part of the schooling was devised by two ecclesiastics and sanctioned by the Pope. The mysteries of theology are handed down as facts which the children must accept as from an infallible authority. Only two ritual prayers are included—the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria—but there are several stories from the Old Testament, which hitherto has been much neglected in Italy. Many reproductions of pictures by old masters illustrate the religious teachings.

Masefield Interviewed

MR. W. R. TITTERTON has been contributing a series of articles to the *Daily Herald* incorporating interviews with famous British authors. We printed his talk with Conan Doyle just before the latter's death a few months ago in our 'Persons and Personages' department, and now we are able to present our readers with the high lights of an interview with Masefield.

Mr. Titterton centred his articles about the query, 'What are we here for?' but when he asked Masefield this he received only the stereotyped reply, 'To work for the glory of God.' A somewhat trite conversation concerning the disadvantages of city life and the machine age followed, and only when his interviewer steered the conversation on to the subject of the sea could Masefield be persuaded to speak of his personal experience.

Masefield: I was a sailor because I had to be.

W. R. T.: No longing to go down to the sea again?

Masefield: Not that I can remember. I went as a sailor because I had to earn my living somehow, and that was the job that presented itself. But I was continually wanting to get away from it. (*He thought for a moment, as if he were looking back at that time.*) You see (*he went on, with a friendly, embarrassed smile*), I wanted to read all the books in the world, and on shipboard . . . (*The smile ended in a grin, and we laughed together.*)

W. R. T.: But don't you think that subconsciously you were drawn to the sea life? The soul of a writer craves experience . . .

Masefield: I'm afraid I don't know how a man selects his experience. Perhaps he can turn any sort of experience to account. No doubt looking back I am glad that I went to sea.

W. R. T.: Do you think that the typical sailor loves his work?

Masefield: He takes great pride in his work, and he loves his ship. It is a marvel how he titivates her up before she gets into port, and he with such a hard life of it. Yes, you get with the sailor what you get with the farm worker. The rick builder crowns the rick with grace notes, and the sailor paints and curls his ladylove as for a bridal. Moreover, just as there is song at the harvest home, so there was song at the capstan bar.

W. R. T.: I suppose all that has gone with the masts and the sails?

Masefield: Not entirely. The crew of any

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sort of steamer will make the old boat pretty for the port. And the seaman's way of looking at the sea has not changed at all.

W. R. T.: What is that way? Does he love her, or hate her?

Masefield: Both. Neither. I don't know. Certainly he respects her—is always thinking of her as—yes, as a friendly, though ruthless antagonist. He is quite good-humored about the struggle: it is up to the sea to kill him if it can. He has no animosity, and he's quite ready to shake hands before and after the battle.

W. R. T.: Has the seaman as a rule any sense of the mystery of the sea?

Masefield: Oh, a profound sense of it. All men in touch with real things have a sense of the mystery of nature, but none so deep a sense as the seaman has of the mystery of the element which carries him, fights him, and destroys him.

Grock Retires

WHEN GROCK, the international clown, retires to the talkies at the close of the current season, the European variety stage will lose its most popular figure. For thirty-eight years now Parisian audiences have been laughing at this gentle little man with a huge face and beguiling grin who makes but two remarks, '*Pourquoi?*' and '*Sans blague?*' and who extracts an absurdly diminutive fiddle from a violin case nearly as big as himself. At the age of fifty Grock feels that the pace demanded of him is too strenuous, for he is now forced to give two performances each evening in order to survive cinema competition. He has therefore taken the obvious course and will devote himself to making films in English, French, Spanish, and Italian. Although of Austrian descent,—his real name is Adrian Wettach—Grock has spent most of his life in France and now lives with his mother and wife in Oneglia on the Italian Riviera just beyond the French frontier. Here are some of the reflections that he imparted to a representative of the London *Observer* who interviewed him during a recent engagement in Berlin and asked him whether he contemplated another visit to England:—

'England? I did not mean even to think of England again, but the letters I am getting put rather a new face upon it. They really touch my heart. There is just the chance that I may visit England somewhere about April, but that is not quite definite yet. The English audience for turns like mine is the best in the world. Nothing escapes it. The reactions are a joy to an artist whose every detail has been thought out. The same nuances and finesses pass unnoticed in America.

'Spain is the most difficult country for the clown, for clowns are a national institution and very high artistry is demanded before a foreigner can make any impression. But, though I was told that a London audience was like a crowd of polar bears behind a barrier of ice when one faces it first, there is nothing in the world to compare to it when the ice is broken. For instance, to appear at the London Coliseum is the same for the variety artist as for the singer to face his audience from the boards of the Milan Scala. My daughter Bianca, who is only twenty now, and who, I believe, will be a great pianoforte player one day (she has already won first prize at the Conservatoire in Turin), may come out in London. I shall settle down at Oneglia, near San Remo, with my wife and mother, and attend to my garden. I love photography and "tinkering" of all kinds—I have a workshop in my Italian home.

'A successor? I have none. Individuality is everything in my particular *métier*. My own secret? Hard work is everything. But there is something more to it. As I have said elsewhere, I have known clowns who are as good as I am, if not better, but I have never known any who knew how to get on as well as I did. Talent and efficiency go without saying, but that is not enough. The world has to be told by

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a process of suggestion that this especial piece of work deserves its attention, but never show the world that one needs it. Be as modest as possible in one's own requirements, but never appear to be modest, and especially never display poverty. People dislike those who appear poor, because it makes them feel uneasy. However hungry I was, I always acted as though I did not need anybody's help. I know what it is not to have money, and what it means to keep money when you have it.

'I was poor for years, and I look back with horror on those days when I had to be pleasant to every scoundrel I ran up against, simply because I had no money. With a bank balance at the back of one, it is easy to show character and decency. To possess money dignifies one's character. It enables one to express one's self and be free, and I am determined to be free. People sing the praises of Grock, the great clown. I am more sensitive to praises of my bourgeois virtues. Grock, the good shot—the brilliant man of business—the cheap provider—the loyal taxpayer—that's what I like to hear.'

Jokes about Jews

IN SPITE of the political successes recently won by the anti-Semitic parties of Central Europe, Jewish humor still flourishes in Vienna, Berlin, and Budapest. Robert Neumann, a successful German dramatist and novelist, has written an essay entitled 'Jewish Wit' which appeared in *Pester Lloyd* and which contains several amusing anecdotes. Herr Neumann begins by attempting to explain why it is that ninety-nine per cent of the jokes about Jews are of Hebrew fabrication and then he goes on to analyze the workings of the Jewish mind as revealed in its humor. He believes that Jewish jokes are the expression of a racial defense complex and that the forms they take are the result of a long intellectual tradition. He draws a distinction between wit and humor, saying that wit comes from the head and humor from the heart, and that wit—whose essence is not only brevity but surprise—makes a natural appeal to the subtle mentality of the Jew, which has been sharpened by five thousand years of theological discussion about the Talmud. Here, for instance, is a story now current in Germany illustrating the humor of the unexpected:—

'A Jew is traveling in a railway train. Young men with swastika crosses on their shirts get aboard and, in order to provoke him, keep shouting, "*Hoch Hitler!*" The Jew does not react. Finally the young fellows leave the train and they still keep shouting "*Hoch Hitler!*" from the platform. The Jew then walks to the window and says to them politely, "Gentlemen, you have made a mistake. I am not Hitler."'

Semitic commercialism is reduced to absurdity in the following anecdote:—

'Mandelbaum wants to buy a pet dog for an opera singer whom he admires. The dog dealer explains, "This little spaniel costs 2,000 marks, this baby Spitz is even smaller and costs 3,000 marks, and this tiny little Pekinese, the smallest dog I have, costs 5,000 marks." Mandelbaum then asked, "How much does it cost for no dog at all?"'

Herr Neumann closes his essay with a story which not only illustrates the subtlety and suspiciousness of the Jewish temperament but which constitutes the quintessence of Jewish wit and therefore needs no explanation:—

'Two Jews were riding on the railway. One said to the other, "Where are you going?" The other answered, "To Lemberg." The first said, "You say that you are going to Lemberg to make me believe that you are going to Cracow, but I happen to know you are really going to Lemberg. Why do you lie to me?"'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

A Japanese Editor Assails America

GYOKUJO HANZAWA, editor of the *Diplomatic Review* of Tokyo, has addressed an open letter to Cameron Forbes, the American ambassador to Japan, explaining why the Japanese people disapprove of the London Naval Treaty. Mr. Hanzawa asserts that parity between the United States and Great Britain should not concern other countries and accuses America of having taken advantage of her desire for parity to embark on a building programme that flouts the spirit of the Kellogg Pact:—

America's harvest reaped from the Treaty is the right to expand her armaments at an enormous cost and the right to a strength superior to that of other countries, and the result is that the ideal of the Kellogg Pact and the spirit of disarmament have been flung to the winds.

It may be true that the United States had a very large naval programme previously drawn up. It may also be true that her national wealth and power can stand the building of whatever size navy she likes. But to insist on carrying out a programme simply because it has previously been approved is betrayal of the work of disarmament, and to insist on having a large force because of one's wealth cannot be anything but imperialism or chauvinism.

Starting with the Kellogg Pact, the recent London Conference betrayed the anti-war treaty, and, trying to continue the work of the Washington Conference, forgot the principle of existing strength which was the basis of that conference. This betrayal and forgetfulness were not blunders committed unintentionally, but formed the programme deliberately prepared by American politicians.

Turning to the relations of the United States and Japan, we find the London Treaty has added nothing to the mutual reliance and cordial friendship between the two nations, but, on the contrary, we are afraid that our mutual relations have received a setback due to the pact.

That the Japanese nation has hitherto been able to preserve its self-control against anti-American feeling is due to the firm belief that the United States has no intention of attempting a forcible aggression against Japan or in the Far East just as Japan has no idea of hostility toward the United States.

However, now that it is clear that the United States has prepared her naval programme with a view to operations in the Western Pacific, the Japanese people will not be able to conceal that they are deeply disappointed.

Despite this attitude on the part of the United States, much propaganda was circulated before and during the London Conference with the object of making the Japanese people rely on the United States. For instance, it was said that the United States recognized Japan's superior position in the Far East, that the United States did not intend to force Japan to make any sacrifice likely to endanger Japan's navy, and that efforts would be made to revise the anti-Japanese immigration law. After the conclusion of the London Treaty, however, these reports were nowhere to be heard again. We cannot help feeling that presents brought to us during the London Conference have been taken back.

Judging from these facts and also from various other circumstances of the London Conference, we can see that the United States employed very clever dip-

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lomatic tactics in order to secure an overwhelmingly superior position by bringing the London Conference to a satisfactory conclusion.

After seeing these facts, we cannot expect that the Japanese people alone will continue to work for better relations between Japan and the United States. We fear that our diplomatic authorities will find it very difficult to make further efforts for this purpose.

Of course, the London Treaty is certain to obtain Japan's ratification as a matter of formality, but this does not show that the people are satisfied with the essential contents of the treaty.

The success or failure of the London Treaty was certain to have an immediate effect on domestic politics, and the Hamaguchi Cabinet concluded the treaty with the support of the people in domestic politics. This is a victory of domestic politics, a victory of political power, but it is not the result of the expression of the general will of the people in approval of the London Treaty itself.

Dissatisfied with the treaty, the people of Japan are united in preparing for the next conference of 1935. We have expressed our views on the London Treaty without any reservation, hoping they may serve as material for reference for Mr. William Cameron Forbes, the new United States ambassador who has recently assumed his post. That this periodical has no party connection and does not represent the official viewpoint is well known both here and abroad.

Pirandello on America

WE HAVE already referred in the 'Letters and the Arts' department of our November issue to a statement made by the Italian playwright Luigi Pirandello, who announced that he was quitting Europe for America because he could find no more youth or life in the Old World. To judge, however, from a later and more detailed interview in the *Corriere della Sera*, Signor Pirandello is no blind admirer of the United States. Here are some of his views as he himself expressed them and also as his interviewer interpreted them:—

We find Luigi Pirandello in his room at a Milan hotel reading a recent book by Georges Duhamel, *Scenes de la vie future*. He is sitting crosswise, with one arm folded over the back of his chair and the other propped on a small table. His profile is outlined against the open window as if to be photographed against a background of light.

'Then it is not true,' we ask, 'that you hate Europe?'

'Certainly not,' he answers, raising his head. 'But, if you say that because you have caught me in the act of reading a bitter criticism of American life, I must add that I do not hate America either. The problem of American influence in Europe is grave and pressing, but that is no reason why we should upbraid America for being American, as these pages do.'

Pirandello does not hate Europe, nor when he cries 'Long live America' does he imply that Europe is a decrepit continent that deserves to be submerged in the sea. But, when he considers the bold advance of American ideas in Europe, he is troubled by the cordial attitude of complacent resignation that Europeans assume in the face of this advance. He is amazed by the hospitality with which Europe receives everything that comes from oversea. 'Paris,' he exclaims, 'has become an American bazaar; hotels, shop windows, shows, everything is prepared to receive rich Americans. Berlin is becoming an anteroom to America.' In fact, the whole of Europe is endeavoring to accustom itself to American taste, to assume American forms and colors and substitute them for its own old and glorious taste, which is still fruitful; in short, to make American life the pattern for all modern life.

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Should we condemn American civilization? America is evolving according to her inner forces and logically developing her racial and social energies. Her inhabitants, made up of immigrants who have been fused together after a fashion, have their own origins, tendencies, and sentiments. Philosophically, one can indeed find fault with a civilization which rests on nothing but well-oiled machinery. 'If I were arbiter of the world's destinies,' says Pirandello, 'I should suppress machines and all their inventors. They devour everything and express only the shallows of life, not its depths. But the day will come when we shall be so tired of machines that the machine will be forced to destroy itself. Even now one gains no time by using an automobile on the streets of New York, for there is so much traffic that it is quicker to proceed on foot.'

Prosperity America's Credo

BERNARD FAŸ, who has written a whole book on the United States and who has lectured in our universities, has written for *Le Figaro* his impressions of America's present state of mind. He does not feel that the stock-market crash or the business depression have as yet altered the popular attitude and he feels confident that if real prosperity returns soon all will be well.

The danger is of a psychological, not of a social, nature. America needs prosperity, for prosperity is her only happiness, her only pleasure, and her true faith. In Europe we have played all kinds of games, many of them amusing, and we work for our living. In America the only amusing game is work, but the richness of the soil, the organization of business, and prosperity made this game the most exciting one in the world. Bankers and landowners in America need prosperity just as we in France need exciting shows and amusing stories. Moreover, although Protestantism is vanishing it has not disappeared and has at least left one great idea behind, the idea of progress, which includes radios, automobiles, airplanes, and well-being. There lies their true religion, gentle, consoling, and simple, and the great American masses thank a wise, beneficent God who is very close to them. If well-being disappears progress disappears and the hand of God will seem to have vanished. Thus if the economic crisis continues America will be profoundly disturbed, not in its political régime, but in its whole civilization. It will have to create not only new machines but new forms of thinking, new ways of feeling.

Work for Work's Sake

PROFESSOR CORRADO GINI of the University of Rome has offered an original explanation of the present world depression. He says it is due to the fact that Americans are working so hard that they have dislocated the whole structure of modern civilization. His views are expressed at too great length to be reproduced in this department, but M. Edmond Jaloux, a staff critic on *Le Temps*, has obligingly summarized them and added a brief moral of his own:—

Formerly, says Professor Gini in substance, the middle class worked in order to consume. It cultivated fruit in order to eat that fruit and measured its efforts by the material pleasure that they yielded. But behold the American, saturated and satiated, who goes on working beyond his needs and has transformed work itself into a need. He is an individual who works for the sake of working just like the artist who devotes himself to art for art's sake. 'He lives to work.' He is like a cook who cooks for the sake of cooking but never tastes his dishes.

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Thus a new human type has come into being before our eyes, the *Homo americanus*, who is the opposite of the *Homo orientalis* and dominates the *Homo europeaus*. Whereas the Chinese is content to be granted the three wishes of Confucius for food, children, and shelter, the American produces beyond his powers of consumption either through pleasure or through that inertia of force that prevents a moving mass from stopping short. By inundating the markets of the universe with his merchandise he forces more passive and less greedy people to enjoy the surplus that he does not need and to long for pleasures that were forbidden them only yesterday by their religious discipline, with its emphasis on privation and sacrifice. The present plethora no longer imposes the same duties of asceticism that poor people living in a society riddled with poverty used to practise. Thus all nations are enjoying superabundance because the Americans are working unreasonably and are spreading the epidemic of work. Such is the genesis of the present international crisis from which we are suffering.

It is very probably to be feared that the American superhomunculus that has emerged from Signor Corrado Gini's imagination is only a chimerical creature and that the formula of work for work's sake does not interpret our present distress accurately. If nations are producing more than they need, they are doing so in the hope of gradually becoming the creditors of their clients, whom they are reducing to economic slavery and who will presently be working under the direction of the original producers, who will then be receiving revenue—in other words the means to enjoy leisure. To-day's activity therefore marks the desire for golden repose on the morrow.

In short, the American is overworking in order to overproduce and to overenrich himself. The *Homo americanus* has simply inherited from the *Homo europeaus* that taste for domination which is called imperialism.

American and European Students

HIGHER education in the United States includes several features that surprise the European observer, who associates university life with pure scholarship and not with breadwinning. An anonymous contributor to the *Journal de Genève* draws these distinctions between the American and the European student:—

Almost everywhere in Europe the student is a privileged being. With nearly all his time free for study, almost always sheltered from financial worries, he finds that liberty is his domain. He is free to muse or to work, to learn or to let things slide. He has no responsibilities. If he knows how to grasp his personality he can form it and affirm it. Examinations, which are consecrated by long usage, are hardly necessary and are chiefly used as a kind of sieve to get rid of the inevitable failures. The European student is therefore a being apart from the society he is about to enter. This society imposes sacrifices on itself in order to supply the student with assistance and admiration, for he is its flower. His personality will soon be the personality directing the nation, either as statesman, doctor, professor, artist, or thinker. By cultivating its university each community cultivates its own soul. The student in Europe is therefore a being apart, a privileged person.

In America the point of view is utterly different. Less attention is paid to forming personalities, particularly universal personalities, than to forming men of action. The end of study is essentially practical. Even before he has matriculated the American student nearly always knows just what he will do in later life. He knows down to intimate details what his specialty will be. Thus most American universities direct themselves not only toward preparing their students for profes-

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sions, but also toward preparing them for positions. Nearly all of them make efforts to place their graduates and some maintain bureaus for this purpose. This is why the subjects taught include applied science as well as pure science. It also explains why teachers of engineering and forestry almost always belong to the faculty of science and why almost every university includes a school of journalism where one learns how to write model articles. American instruction tends toward specialization because it is preparing people for an active practical life.

In short, the two systems and the two continents are diametrically opposed to each other. Europe wants intellectual freedom and the most complete absence of all worry, an atmosphere most propitious to the development of the intellectual personality, since this development can only occur under completely disinterested conditions and without reference to any practical *arrière-pensée*. America, on the other hand, is ready to sacrifice part of the intellectual baggage of the individual and even a little of his personality in this domain provided the student can become the perfect instrument of the special and precise end he has set himself or the end that society has assigned to his abilities. In America man is less an end than an instrument.

Jusserand on America

JULES JUSSERAND, war-time ambassador from France to the United States, has written up his experiences in America for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Here is the way he analyzes the American character:—

Business fills Americans with passion, and when passion seizes a man it usually makes him blind to everything else as long as it lasts. But in Americans passion does not exert this continuous effect. Outside of business they are generous, charitable to a degree, easily moved, ready to risk everything or to give away the very goods they have spent so much energy in acquiring. Above all, they are ready to risk their lives if occasion offers, for risk in every form fascinates them.

Many visitors returned from a short sojourn publish books about Americans describing them either as utterly idealistic and generous or utterly egotistical and greedy. As a general rule, they are both at the same time and are therefore like a metal made up of two other metals, like bronze, which is composed of copper and tin and which is by no means a product to be despised. Another trait of the Americans is that they are so absorbed in everyday affairs and so dislike to have their attention distracted from business, local or national politics, family life, friendships, useful work, sport, and travel that they allow certain abuses that imperil their country to grow unrestrained. It often takes a long time for them to raise their eyes from their daily occupations and put their foot down, saying in resounding tones, 'That is enough.' But when they do this they go the limit and resort to the most radical measures.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

ISCHL. January and February, Winter Sports.

VIENNA. February, Art Exhibition at Künstlerhaus; *5*, Concert of Vienna Symphony Orchestra led by Richard Strauss; *26*, Concert of Vienna Symphony Orchestra led by Bruno Walter; *March 1, 8, 15*, Exhibition of the Spanish Riding School.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 30, King's Birthday.

Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of Foundation of Rio de Janeiro.

Canada

AYLMER. February, Province of Quebec Ski Championships.

BANFF. February 7–15, Winter Carnival.

MURRAY BAY. January 24, Murray Bay Bonspiel.

OTTAWA. February, Province of Ontario Ski Championships.

QUEBEC CITY. January 31–February 1, The American Snowshoe Union; *February 9–14*, Quebec Bonspiel; *19–21*, Quebec Winter Carnival, International Dog-Sled Derby.

Ceylon

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 14, Tamil Thai Pongal Day.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. March 12, Memorial Day for Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Cuba

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 28, Anniversary of Marti's Birthday; *February 17*, Mardi Gras.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. January 30–February 2, British Exhibition in the Building of Industry; *February 6–15*, International Automobile Exhibition in the 'Forum'; *20–March 8*, Sea Exhibition in the Building of Industry; *March 3*, 25th Jubilee Anniversary of the Union of Temperance Organizations; *20–April 4*, Hygiene Exhibition, 'The Man II' in the Building of Industry.

Dominican Republic

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 21, Day of Altagracia.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 17, Mardi Gras.

PARIS. Lectures at the Salle Gaveau: *January 19*, Yvette Guilbert, '*L'Épopée et la légende*'; *20*, Claude Farrère, 'Stamboul'; *22*, Edouard Herriot, 'Schiller'; *29*, Jean Mistler, '*Chez les Tziganes*'; *February 5*, Comtesse de Noailles, '*Amants de la musique*'; *13*, Marcel Prévost, '*Le Jeune homme moderne*'; *19*, Bernard de Sariac and the Don Cossacks, '*L'Âme slave.*'

Germany

BERLIN. January 30–February 8, International Riding and Driving Tournament, Green Week (Agriculture and Hunters' Week); *late February*, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exposition; *February 28–March 1*, Fancy Ice-Skating World Championship Contest for Singles and Doubles.

FÜSSEN. Late January German Ice-Hockey Championship Matches.

KÖLN. February 15–17, Carnival; *16*, Rose-Monday Procession; *March 22–25*, General Spring Fair; *22–27*, Technical Spring Fair.

LEIPZIG. January, February, and March,

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Gewandhaus Concerts; *March 1–7*, Spring Fair, Sample Fair; *1–11*, Great Technical and Building Fair; *April 12*, Easter Furs and Leather Fair.

MAINZ. February 15–17, Rhenish Carnival.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. January 23–February 1, Automobile Exhibition; *March 29*, Football, Holland–Belgium; *April 26*, Football, Holland–Germany.

THE HAGUE. January 16–18, '*Aviculture*' Show.

ROTTERDAM. April, Flower Show.

UTRECHT. March 10–20, Spring Fair.

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 16, Independence Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 21, Foundation Day.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 22, Death of Lenin.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 23, King Alfonso's Name Day; *February 17*, Mardi Gras.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 15, Thaipusam.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. February, Ski Race of Switzerland.

ANDERMATT. March, Hockey and Shooting Matches, Bob Race, Ski-Jumping Competition.

AROSA. March, Spring Ski Races.

BASEL. January 17, 31, Symphony Concerts under the direction of Dr. Felix Weingartner; *February 1*, Concert of Basel *Liedertafel; 14*, Symphony Concert; *23–25*, Carnival of Basel; *March 14, 28*, Symphony Concerts under the direction of Dr. Felix Weingartner.

BERN. February 22, Concert of the *Union chorale de Berne* in the French Church; *March 15*, Football, Italy–Switzerland.

BIENNE. February 21, 22, 23, Carnival.

CRANS ABOVE SIERRE. February 23, Ice Carnival; *27*, International Skating Tests.

DAVOS-PLATZ. January 31–February 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rink; *February 8*, Ski Derby; *March 1–31*, Spring Ski Meeting.

ENGELBERG. February 1–7, Second Jubilee Sports Week of Engelberg; *16*, Joch Pass Ski Race.

GENEVA. March 6–15, International Motor Car Show; *23–28*, International Congress of Psychical Research.

GSTAD. January 25, Horse Racing on Snow; *February 1–15*, Seventh International University Ski Championships and Swiss University Winter-Sport Championships; Gala Fencing.

LENZER HEIDE. January 29, Ski-Jumping Competition; *February 8*, Horse Racing on the Heide See.

LES DIABLERETS. January 25, Ice-Hockey Match and Night Fête on Ice.

MONTREUX. February 9, English Theatre Performances.

MÜRREN. February 19–21, European Ski Championships.

PONTRESINA. February 21, Ski-Jumping Competition.

ST. MORITZ. January 17, 18, International Ice-Hockey Matches; *19, 20*, International Speed-Skating Competition; *31–February 1*, European Championship Competition in Figure Skating; *1, 5, 8*, International Horse Racing on the Lake of St. Moritz; *10, 11*, World Championship Bob-Racing Matches; *14*, International Fencing Tournament; *14–15*, Ski Races; *22*, International Ice-Hockey Matches.

VEVEY. January 25, Concert by Dr. Weingartner.

ZÜRICH. February 1, 3, Concerts by the *Lehrergesangverein; March 18*, Concert by Cortot, Thibaud, Casals.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ROBERT LITTELL, great-grandson of Eliakim Littell, who established THE LIVING AGE eighty-six years ago, expresses gratification that the name of his ancestor again appears in a prominent place on our cover.

The World, NEW YORK

TO THE EDITOR:—

I am much pleased to see that E. Littell's name appears once more on the cover of THE LIVING AGE. I note also the brief historical note at the foot of the table of contents and the repetition of the name on the first page, all of which are representative of the fourth generation, to whom I am very grateful.

In addition, let me take this opportunity of saying that THE LIVING AGE is most distinguished as to type and make-up and unusually interesting as to contents. I am sending it on to my father, who will, I know, appreciate very much keeping public our link with this past.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT LITTELL

Incidentally, the literary tradition established by the founder of THE LIVING AGE is still very much alive in his descendants. Mr. Robert Littell is the dramatic critic on the New York *World* and his father, Mr. Philip Littell, to whom he refers in his letter, was one of the founders of the *New Republic*.

A member of the history department of Sweet Briar College in Virginia finds that THE LIVING AGE keeps her in agreeable touch with the outside world.

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
SWEET BRIAR, VA.

TO THE EDITOR:—

For THE LIVING AGE, I have only praise. It is a cosmopolitan friend that humanizes the reports it brings to me of the nations that are my constant study. It is richly interpretative and it can be gay as well as grave without loss of dignity. I am grateful for the news it brings of art and letters as well as of political events. To a pensive instructor in a secluded Virginia college it opens gracefully the portals of a larger world.

Sincerely yours,
DORA NEILL RAYMOND

Mr. George Budington of Lorane, Oregon, analyzes the work we are doing and encourages us in our belief that the best insurance against war is an understanding of the other fellow's point of view.

LORANE, OREGON

TO THE EDITOR:—

It is a demonstrable fact that the best way to live amicably with our fellows is to understand their viewpoint and, as this applies to individuals, so it will with equal force apply to nations. As Americans, we have been inclined to stress nationalism, while the best minds of to-day are thinking in terms of humanity. I believe that THE LIVING AGE is a potent factor in bringing to our people a better understanding of the aspirations of other peoples and so deserves a more hearty support. If we could but understand the other fellow, war, with all its concomitant horrors and degradations, would be quite unthinkable.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE BUDINGTON

Only one other American magazine, the *North American Review*, has a longer record of unbroken publication than THE LIVING AGE. Here is a letter recalling memories of half a century ago.

250 WASHINGTON STREET
GENEVA, NEW YORK

TO THE EDITOR:—

I have long wanted to say to you as I do now that the Ladies' Book Club has considered *Littell* and now THE LIVING AGE its

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backbone for perhaps fifty years. And before that we had *Littell* in our homes singly. You should classify us as *old customers*. We have the seven best magazines and two books each two weeks. We are studying the wide, wide world through your pages.

We miss the weekly issues of so many years, but are ready to welcome your monthly numbers; and may the whole effort come to pay you both in service to others and in dollars and cents.

Sincerely, *Littell's* old friend,
EMILY E. NICHOLAS

Requests to suspend subscriptions are not the most welcome items in our daily mail, but when they are accompanied by comments like this one we are very easily consoled.

10, AVENUE DE LA BOURDONNAIS,
PARIS, FRANCE

TO THE EDITOR:—

Your magazine is the only American publication I have had forwarded to me. That tells you how well I think of it. Even that, however, must not continue to come after my present subscription expires. When I return to the States I shall surely subscribe to THE LIVING AGE again. Meantime, I am 'with you in spirit.'

With every good wish, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
MARY FELS

One of our older readers comments approvingly on the present policy of the magazine and recalls its association with her childhood.

KENWOOD, NEW YORK

TO THE EDITOR:—

You are of great value to me, and during recent months have, I believe, grown greatly in worth to this living age of readers in America.

Long years ago you were esteemed by my parents, and as read aloud by them you became my friend and educator. My praises go out for you to friends and neighbors and children and sometimes I have been able to give you (by subscription) as an especial gift. I shall continue to loan you and to praise you and hope that your more prosperous friends may be liberal toward you.

JESSIE C. KINSLEY

Here are a few sharp words for 'U. S. cave-dwellers' followed by a much more friendly message to ourselves.

303 MAIN STREET
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

TO THE EDITOR:—

I am very much interested in your work in making the U. S. cave-dwellers aware that there *are* other countries—some of them quite strong and progressive. I am trying to advertise your work and I admire the journal—and read it every month with zeal. The taste and discrimination in selection show skilled hands.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. COOKE

The following letter from Miss Helen M. Gates of East Orange, New Jersey, is especially appreciated by the Editor.

103 SOUTH CLINTON STREET
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

TO THE EDITOR:—

I am a registered nurse, working in the Visiting Nurse Association of Newark, New Jersey, among people of all nationalities. Previous to taking up nursing, five years ago, my outlook had been broadened by meeting people from many lands, during a three years' experience in China, in missionary work. My sympathies and interests are world-wide.

Therefore, when your introductory offer came last spring, I felt that THE LIVING AGE would prove to be a magazine that I would very much want. And so it is. I have had to cut down expenses and discontinue other subscriptions, but this one I would not be without. I thoroughly enjoy THE LIVING AGE and appreciate its aims.

Loyally yours,
HELEN M. GATES

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

before, once writing on Manchuria and once on 'Love in America.' He is a widely traveled journalist and he writes of Mr. Lewis with a good deal more first-hand knowledge behind him than the average foreign critic can boast.

THE OTHER piece requiring explanation is Stéphane Lauzanne's attack on Stalin. M. Lauzanne is the editor of *Le Matin*, a rather flashy looking boulevard daily to which several journalists of considerable importance contribute. Though not strictly official, *Le Matin* does speak now and then for the French Foreign Office. On this occasion, it takes an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as a text to preach a sermon against the present rulers of Russia. We do not offer this sketch for its factual content—which is small—but because it is the kind of thing that is appearing all the time in all but the most radical papers abroad.

DESMOND MACCARTHY, editor of *Life and Letters* and successor to Sir Edmund Gosse as literary critic on the *Sunday Times*, knew Henry James off and on for fifteen years. Drawing freely from personal reminiscence he dissects James's style and describes how James himself used to watch, like some third person, the labors and convolutions of his elephantine mind.

TEN YEARS of Prohibition have pretty well inured most Americans against being shocked by its many outrages. We really believe, however, that only an active bootlegger could fail to gasp at the cool insolence of Leonard Marsland's description of rum-running on the Great Lakes. He was not writing, to be sure, for publication, but to a friend in England. The *Daily Telegraph*, most respectable of all London papers, presented his story just as he wrote it—and we do the same, not without a certain trepidation.

BUT IT is with trepidation of a different order that we offer Ramón Pérez de Ayala's essay on Spain. He is as abstract as Mr. Marsland is concrete, as elegant as his bootlegger fellow contributor is colloquial. Señor de Ayala is one of the outstanding Spanish writers now living and he interprets his native country in its own idiom. The light he casts is clear, but it falls obliquely.

ROMER WILSON had perhaps a smaller but certainly a no less devoted group of readers than Katherine Mansfield, whom she resembled only in that she died in her prime. Her *Death of Society* won the Hawthornden Prize as the best piece of imaginative literature written in England the year it appeared, the same prize that has later been won by R. H. Mottram and David Garnett. We present here a posthumous short story prefaced by a commemorative essay by the poet, Robert Nichols.

JULES ROMAINS is a member of the post-war generation of French writers. One of his novels, *Mort de Quelqu'un*, has been translated into English as *Death of a Nobody*, but in his own country he is best known as a dramatist. This year his reputation is at its height because of his new play, *Donogoo*, which he wrote specially for the Théâtre Pigalle, a new playhouse equipped with many pieces of stage machinery not to be duplicated anywhere in the world, even in Germany. Last year, Sacha Guitry wrote a revue for the same theatre, but it did not succeed. Fortunately M. Romains has been much more successful and has become the talk of the town in consequence.

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WAR AND PEACE

TO DEMAND revision of the treaties is an absurdity and a puerility. If to-morrow revision of the peace treaties were made the object of an international conference, within a few months there would be a war and afterward revolution. I must say to Germany, to place her signature in jeopardy every week is a bad system. I tell her this with all the respect I have for Germany's genius, because in democracies it must be possible for one people to speak freely to another.—*André Tardieu, Former Premier of France.*

Germany was so unfairly treated after the Armistice by Poincaré, with our Government as a reluctant accessory, that I should be half a Hitlerite if I were a German. But sensible Germans know that their strength is to sit still. They may get justice in twenty years without a war; they could not get it now with a war.—*The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

The next twenty years will either witness a catastrophe or an enormous perfection of the mechanism, organization, and apparatus of the legislative system as well as improved coöperation, which has already succeeded in extending the domain of peace and in erecting barrier after barrier along the road by which war might come.—*Nicolas Titulescu, Permanent Rumanian Delegate to the League of Nations.*

One of the most notable characteristics of the Army in France was the cheerful, often humorous, attitude of mind displayed in the face of long-drawn-out misery, privation, and danger. Unfortunately this feature of the War does not lend itself to 'popular' treatment. It cannot be compressed into three hours on the stage or into 6,000 feet of celluloid; mercifully it can be portrayed in three hundred pages of print, and without doubt such books eventually will be written. In a few years most of the sensational war books will have returned to the garbage heap from which they came. The sane, truthful war book will come into its own. The only question is whether the rising generation, the one which really matters, will take the trouble to read it. —*Brigadier General C. D. Baker-Carr of the British Army.*

It is the idle woman who has nothing to fill her life, the woman who has two servants and a small house, and whose children are taken away to be educated, who probably is not on the side of peace every time, irrespective of her ordinary party affiliation.—*Ellen Wilkinson, Labor Member of Parliament.*

In my opinion Hungary contains no aristocrats and no peasants—only masters. Nowadays it is more true than ever that quantity is not important—only quality. Eight million Hungarians, knowing their duty as they do, represent more power than more numerous groups. I am advocating no Fata Morgana policy when I state that the Hungarian race, which comes from the East, is fulfilling a great mission and represents a mighty source of strength. I believe and proclaim that day laborers and the owners of great estates, simple workers and members of the Government when massed together possess a force that is capable of assuring the security of the nation for another thousand years and even longer.—*Julius de Gömbös, Hungarian Minister of War.*

There is a genius in the English-speaking nations which will always assert itself if it is given the smallest chance, and which will ensure that the problems of international affairs shall be dealt with not in pique and not in passion but calmly and with common sense.—*Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador to the United States.*

Surely, if in these times of peace our two peoples cannot safely and wisely discuss any problem, then God help us all if it arises when times are not peaceful. Personally, I feel sure of the essential good will and confidence our own people entertain toward their British neighbors. I have equal faith, let me add, in the essential good will and confidence our British neighbors entertain toward us. We have no reason to fear the good common sense of either. What we do have to fear, it seems to me, is that temper of mind, that lack of vision, that unwise wisdom, which continually finds reasons for postponing into the future decisions which might more safely be made now.—*Alanson B. Houghton, former American Ambassador to Great Britain.*

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